

Fairbury, Illinois, from Prehistoric Times to Modern Times

by
Dale C. Maley

PUBLISHED BY:
Artephius Publishing

Fairbury, Illinois, from Prehistoric Times to Modern Times

Copyright © 2021 by Dale C. Maley

All rights reserved. Without limiting the rights under copyright reserved above, no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system. No part may be transmitted, in any form, or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise). Exceptions to this must be with the prior written permission of both the copyright owner and the above publisher of this book.

Table of Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

Prehistoric Illinois

[Chapter 2](#)

The Illinois Ice Ages

[Chapter 3](#)

First People to Enter North America

[Chapter 4](#)

Native American Cultural Chronology

[Chapter 5](#)

First Encounter with the White Man

[Chapter 6](#)

The Kickapoo in the Midwest

[Chapter 7](#)

Illustrations of Kickapoo Life

[Chapter 8](#)

Living with the Kickapoo in 1788

[Chapter 9](#)

The Kickapoo in the Fairbury Area

[Chapter 10](#)

Oliver's Grove

[Chapter 11](#)

Plant Usage

[Chapter 12](#)

Evidence of the Past

[Chapter 13](#)

The Kickapoo Today

[Chapter 14](#)

Preserving Fairbury History

[Chapter 15](#)

Benjamin Nussbaum

[Chapter 16](#)

Summary

[References](#)

[Recommended Reading](#)

[Web Sites](#)

[Other Sources of Information](#)

[Author Spotlight](#)

Warning-Disclaimer

Although the author and publisher have made every effort to ensure that the information in this book was correct at press time, the author and publisher do not assume and hereby disclaim any liability to any party for any loss, damage, or disruption caused by errors or omissions, whether such errors or omissions result from negligence, accident, or any other cause.

Foreword

Illinois has a very interesting geological history. At one time, this area was covered by an ocean. Later it had lush tropical forests. Eventually the Ice Age glaciers leveled the ground to its current relatively flat topography.

The Paleo-Indians are believed to have traveled from Asia to North America at the end of the last Ice Age about 14,000 years ago. These people gradually moved south until they occupied most of the United States.

These early peoples adapted over time to the changing environment after the Ice Age. By the time the first white man

explored Illinois, the Kickapoo Indians were living in Central Illinois. Both Indian Creek and Indian Grove Township got their names because of the Kickapoo village south of Fairbury.

This short story reviews the history of what eventually became Fairbury, Illinois. Many local residents have discovered artifacts from these first inhabitants of the area. It is hoped this book will help people understand some of the history behind those artifacts and the people who created them.

Acknowledgments

The author would like to thank the Illinois Geological Survey for providing excellent educational materials about the prehistoric period in Illinois. This information was used to create the chapter on the prehistoric period in Illinois.

The author would also like to thank the Illinois State Museum for providing excellent educational materials about the Paleo-Indians.

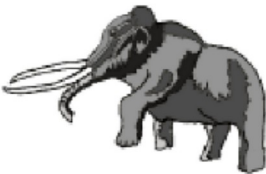





The author would like to thank Judith K. Wells for her assistance in proofreading this book.

CHAPTER 1

Prehistoric Illinois

Illinois has a very interesting geological history. Millions of years ago, most of the state was covered by an ocean. Later, we had lush tropical jungles. Dinosaurs once roamed over our state. Eventually the land was flattened when the glaciers of the Ice Age extended down to Southern Illinois.

The Illinois State Geological Survey has a great review of early Illinois geology at their web site <https://tinyurl.com/y9cf4pf7>. Portions of their review are extracted and shown below:

Era	Period or System and Thickness	Age (years ago)	
CENOZOIC "Recent Life"	Holocene	10,000	
	Quaternary		
	Ice Ages		
	Pliocene	1.8 m	
	Eocene	5.3 m	
	Tertiary	33.7 m	
MESOZOIC "Middle Life"	Paleocene	54.8 m	
		65 m	
	DINOSAURS		
	Cretaceous	144 m	
		290 m	
PALEOZOIC "Ancient Life"	Pennsylvanian		
	COAL FORESTS		
		325 m	
	Mississippian		
	TROPICAL OCEAN	354 m	
	Devonian		
	TROPICAL OCEAN	417 m	
	Silurian		
	TROPICAL OCEAN	443 m	
	Ordovician		
	TROPICAL OCEAN	490 m	
	Cambrian		
	TROPICAL OCEAN	540 m	
	Precambrian		

Geologists are storytellers. They read the rocks like the pages in a book and recreate for our imagination the vanished landscapes of ancient Illinois. Illinois was not always a land of prairie and farm. It was built by the strange landscapes of long ago—this is the geologist's story. Let's go back to those ancient landscapes. I brought my imaginary time machine; let's hop in and head back in time.

Ancient Oceans of Illinois

We jump back in time to more than 500 million years ago. What type of equipment should we bring? Camera? Sure. Food? Yes. What else? How about a boat? That's right! The Illinois of long ago, back in the early Paleozoic Era, was often under the water of a shallow, warm ocean—like the Bahamas, but with no palm trees or resort hotels!

We step out of our time machine on a small island. The sky is blue, the breezes are tropically warm, and the sun is shining hot! Imagine warm waters, teeming with life, washing against a barren shore. On the land, we see few signs of life. However, in the water, we find seashells, corals, and perhaps the first primitive fish. Great cephalopods, looking like octopuses in “ice cream cone” shells, float menacingly along. Strange creatures, trilobites, crawl along the ocean bottom; their flexible shells make them look something like a horseshoe crab.

The Illinois of 325 to 540 million years ago was a shallow tropical ocean. Illinois was located almost at the equator at that time.



What did these ancient oceans do to Illinois? They left great thicknesses of sediment on the ocean bottom. What types of sediment? What do oceans leave behind? Well, sand—great deposits of sand along the shore and offshore. These sands became sandstone. Thick layers of sandstone were created in Illinois, particularly in the early part of this time period.

Oceans also leave behind billions of seashells. These whole shells and fragments, all made of calcium carbonate, combine to form the rock we know as limestone (or dolomite). A glance at a rock from that time may show beautifully preserved seashells and other animals from the ancient oceans of Illinois.

During this time, the Paleozoic Era, the rocks that make up Illinois were periodically bent and folded. In southern Illinois, the Earth's crust periodically sank, creating a broad, bowl-shaped feature—the Illinois Basin. Over time, this basin continued to sink as the ancient oceans of Illinois filled it with thick deposits of limestone and sandstone.

Delta Swamp

We hop back into the time machine and time moves on. The landscape changes. We get out. We're still about 325 million years in the past, but things have changed. We're standing ankle-deep in mud! Nearby we see a muddy river winding its way through a dark woodland. We're in the middle of a great river delta. This ancient wet, muddy delta swamp is a fascinating place! On it grows the first great forests Earth has seen. The trees tower 100 feet or more above us—strange shapes that spread across the low swampy land.

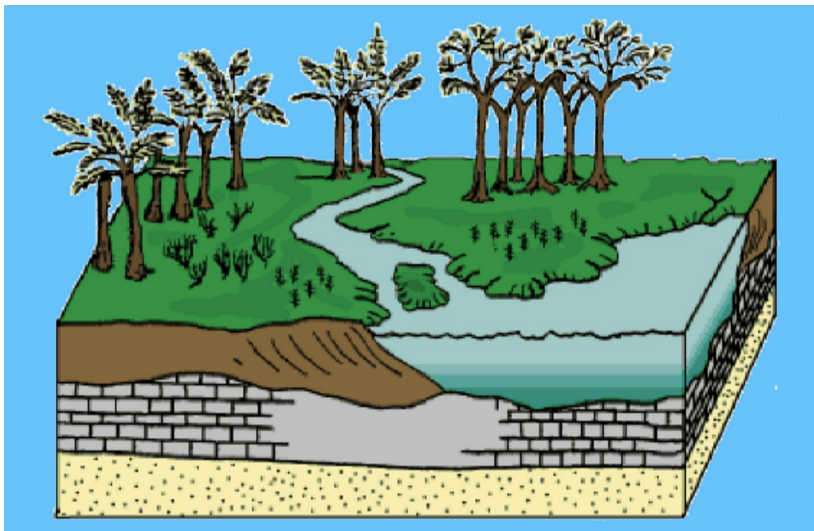


The swamps are inhabited by many types of amphibians—cousins of the frogs—but some are 10 feet long, with big teeth! Small reptiles scamper about, rushing to hide in hollow trees. As we walk, huge cockroaches crawl along fallen tree trunks and scramble across the muddy forest floor. Dragonflies as big as hawks fly overhead, darting through the wet, dark forest hunting for food.

What has happened? The bowl-shaped feature that is the Illinois Basin was still sinking and still filling up. Far to the east, mountains have risen, and rain has washed sand, silt, and clay down the slopes to rivers that carried the sediment westward into the shallow mid-continent ocean.

Where a river enters an ocean or lake, the silt and clay the water carries are deposited in a delta. Deltas are muddy places that constantly change as the river moves back and forth across them. In Illinois, these rivers deposited mud in a vast delta. For millions of years this process continued. It filled up the warm shallow ocean and turned Illinois into a dark, muddy swamp. The trees and other plants that made up the great delta forests were buried and compacted through time and became a major state resource—COAL!

The delta sediments accumulated to great thicknesses on top of the ancient ocean sediments. Like thick fudge frosting on top of a cake, the mud and underlying layers of seashells and sand changed over time into shale on top of limestone and sandstone.



After the Pennsylvanian Period, vast forces in the earth twisted Illinois, folding and faulting rock and bringing some of the ancient ocean rock to the surface in north-central Illinois. The huge Sandwich Fault formed, slashing across Illinois from southwest of Chicago to southwest of Rockford! Tectonic forces also produced faults and other geologic activity in extreme southeastern Illinois, causing fluorite, the state mineral, to be deposited. Geologic activity in the northwest deposited Galena...an ore of lead.

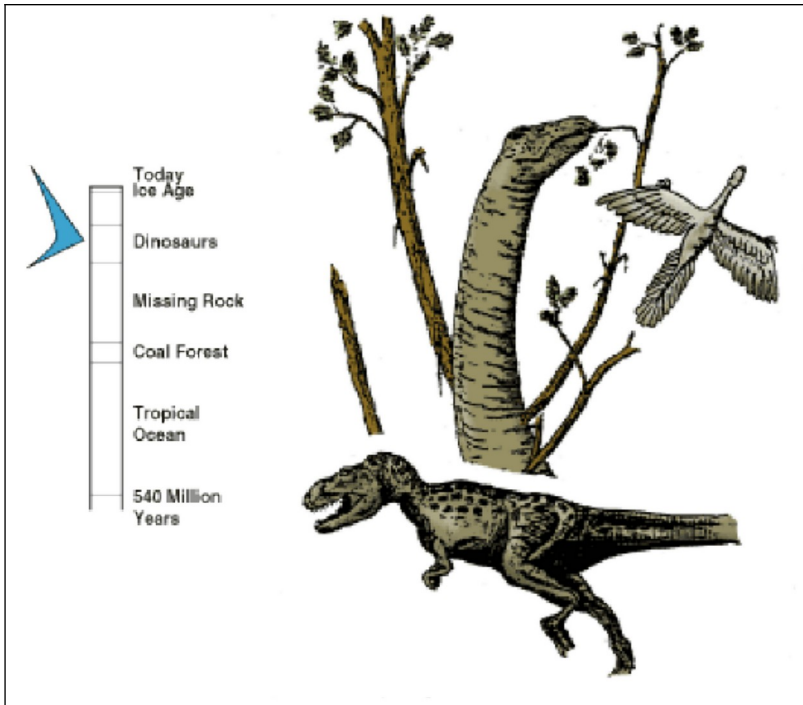
Near what is now Des Plaines, a meteor crashed to Earth, smashing and faulting the bedrock.

When Dinosaurs Ruled!

We climb back in the time machine and travel forward. The time machine stops, and we step out into Illinois of the Mesozoic Era. Illinois is no longer under the ocean, nor is it a dark swamp. Instead, it is a warm, dry place, a landscape of hills and valleys. Around us are strange plants, much different from the coal forests.

For the first time on our trip, we see birds! They look strange, almost lizard-like. As they call and fly about, we realize that their mouths are full of sharp teeth! Also overhead are strange creatures with leathery wings—flying reptiles flapping their way above the prehistoric landscape. Flowers bloom on a nearby tree—the first flowers we've seen on our trip!

And now, also for the first time, we see dinosaurs! They wander across a nearby meadow; they feed in the forests! A huge treetop-eating sauropod stops munching to stare down at a small predator. The little meat-eater retreats from the towering herbivore—it's much too big to tackle!



There seem to have been dinosaurs everywhere, but no trace of dinosaurs has ever been found in Illinois! Why not?

WATER and WIND! Illinois, no longer an ocean or a swamp, was a land exposed to weathering and erosion. Water and wind broke up the youngest rocks (the ones on top!) and carried the pieces far away. In the northern quarter and along the western edge of the state where the rock layers were thinner, the delta rocks, including the coal within them, and some of the younger ocean rocks were removed by erosion. This exposed the old ocean rocks at the surface.



The Mesozoic Era was a time of incredible change. Dinosaurs appeared and roared and stomped their way through the land during this 160 million year interval of time. The flying reptiles and the mammals appeared. The first birds flew, and the first flowers bloomed. The dinosaurs, however, completely dominated the

Mesozoic landscape—no other type of land animal was anywhere near their size. The mammals never grew bigger than an opossum during the Mesozoic Era!

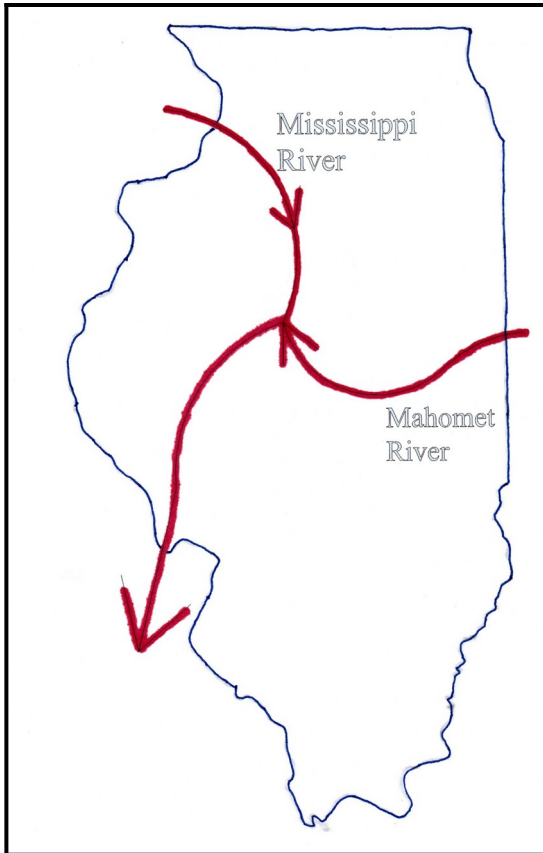
Something—the impact of a comet, perhaps a drastic change in the climate—killed off the dinosaurs at the end of the Mesozoic Era, about 65 million years ago. With the death of the dinosaurs, the Cenozoic Era began, and the mammals "took over."

There is one area of the state that might have dinosaur bones. In the southernmost part of the state, near Cairo and Metropolis, are deposits of sand, silt, and clay. These sediments were left by water—the Gulf of Mexico! Strangely enough, the Gulf of Mexico reached up to southern Illinois in late Mesozoic times, just before the end of the dinosaurs. We may someday find their bones in those sediments!

Lost Rivers of Illinois

We return to the time machine, and after traveling many more millions of years, we stop near where the city of Peoria will be in 2 million years! We stand on cliffs overlooking a large valley. A great river flows in front of us—the Mississippi River!

What is it doing here? We travel across Illinois to the future site of Champaign-Urbana, where the University of Illinois will someday stand. There is a huge river valley here, too—the Mahomet—with great waters flowing west to meet the Mississippi River south of Peoria! This is not the Illinois we know today! What happened to this landscape?



The Illinois landscape of a few million years ago was still quite different from what we see today. The Mississippi River flowed through present-day Bureau and Henry Counties, passing east of the present site of Peoria! The Mahomet River met the Mississippi near the town of Havana, Illinois, and flowed southwest from there. In order to find out what happened to this landscape, we need to travel through time again.

CHAPTER 2

The Illinois Ice Ages

The story on the Illinois State Geological Survey concludes with the impact of the Ice Ages on Illinois. The story is continued below:

Ice Ages

We step out of the time machine. We're in the late part of the Pleistocene Epoch-the Ice Ages! Glaciers cover much of Illinois.

We stand next to a glacial moraine, a great muddy mound of clay and rocks piled up by the glacier. A lake stretches in front of us, ending at a great, crumbly wall of dirty ice: the glacier. A cold wind blows off the glacier, chilling us to the bone! The glacier groans and creaks and with a great roar, pieces of ice break off and tumble into the cold, silty water below. Can this be Illinois?

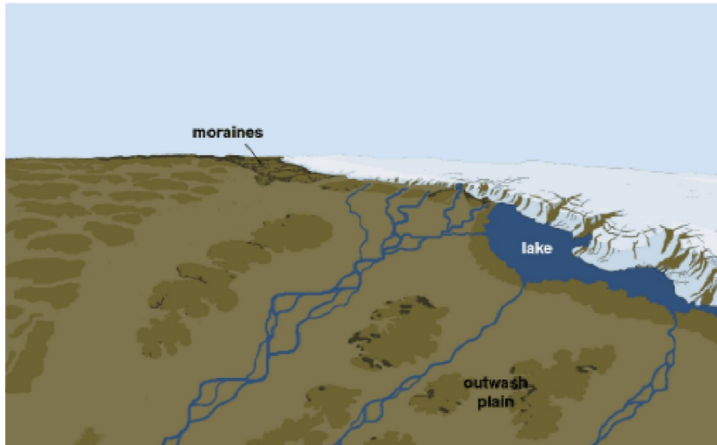
What is a glacier? It's a large mass of moving ice, formed when snow piles up until its own tremendous weight re-crystallizes it into ice. Ice will bend and flow if enough weight is piled on it!

Glaciers are messy machines. Like giant icy sandpaper, they grind rock into gravel, gravel into sand, and sand into silt and clay. The glaciers carry this material along like a conveyor belt.

The ground-up mix, left behind when the ice melts, is called till. Till is spread out across the ground or piled up in long, curved hills called moraines.

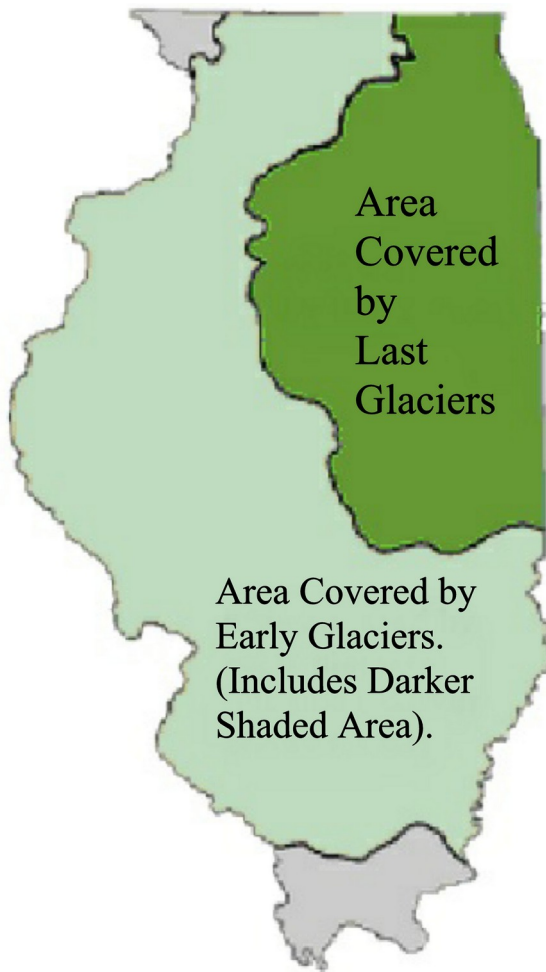
Glaciers are also "billion ton ice cubes!" They melt! The tons of water melting from a glacier sort out the mixed glacial sediments, depositing vast quantities of sand and gravel, called outwash,

downstream from the glacier in river valleys and transporting silt and clay still farther away.



Snow accumulated in what we now call Canada, became ice, and flowed under its own weight south over what is now the northern United States. Many times during the last 1.8 million years, glaciers ground slowly across Illinois, reshaping the landscape.

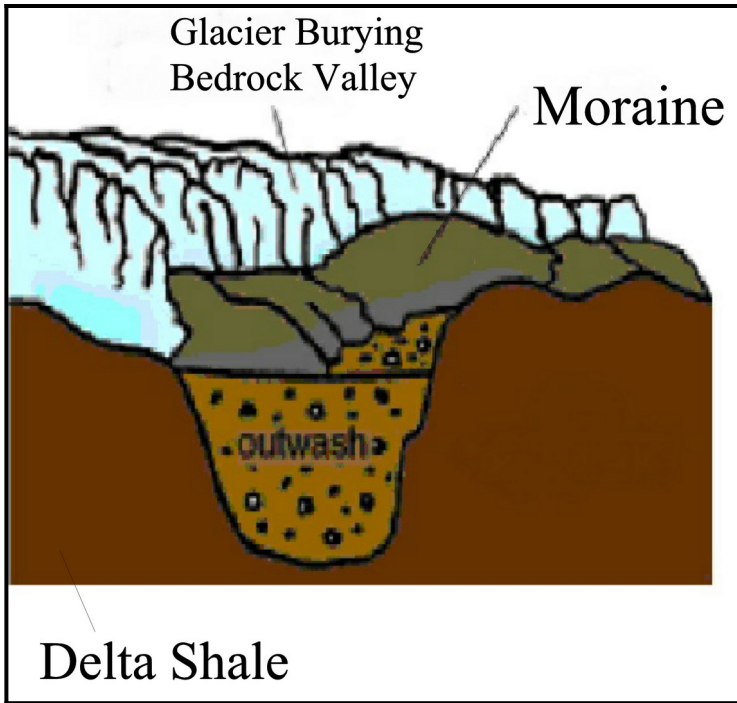
Glaciers covered most of the state, bypassing only the northwestern corner (the Galena area), the extreme south (the Shawnee Hills) and a small area in western Illinois.



Area
Covered
by
Last
Glaciers

Area Covered by
Early Glaciers.
(Includes Darker
Shaded Area).

The cliffs and rocky ridges of these areas were never touched or covered up by the glaciers. Glaciers filled in river valleys with outwash and buried them under till. The Mahomet River and others ceased to exist.

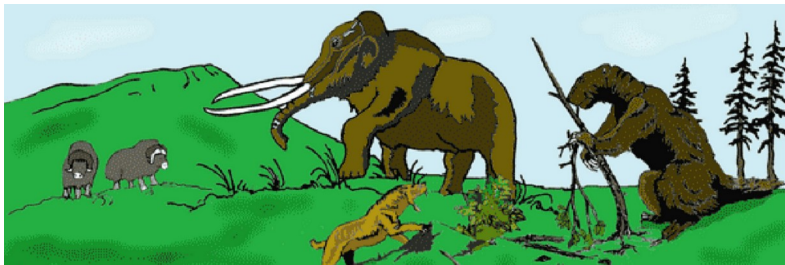


The last glaciers entered Illinois about 25,000 years ago (the Wisconsin Glacial Episode) and covered just the northeastern quarter of the state. As these glaciers moved across northeastern Illinois, they again modified the landscape, leveling hills, filling valleys, and building new moraines.

The glaciers advanced and melted several times as the climate changed from cold to warm and back again. The animal life in Illinois also changed as the climate changed. Warm periods brought jaguar, peccary, and armadillo, cold periods brought the Ice age mammals: mammoth, mastodon, stag moose and giant beaver. We know these animals lived here because we find their fossils. Their teeth and bones have been found all over Illinois. All of them are now extinct. Other animals, such as the snowshoe hare, also lived here. They still exist today—where the climate still suits them—in the northern U.S. and Canada!

We turn away from the glacier and walk. Soon we reach an area with strange plants, called tundra, just like in northern Alaska and Canada today! Herds of musk oxen graze. We walk farther and pass through areas of meadows and spruce tree forests. The glacier left these areas years ago. Now we see more exciting things! A huge mammal—the ground sloth—slowly walks nearby. It stops, rising up to reach high into a tree to feed on leaves. Skulking in the brush, a saber-toothed tiger forms a menacing silhouette as it follows the sloth. A massive bear, larger than any we've ever seen, crosses our path and fortunately moves on!

Off in the distance, truly "mammoth" animals are moving—a herd of woolly mammoths, elephants covered with long hair. They bend their heads, grazing in the grass with their long trunks. The breaking of branches announces the arrival of other large creatures. From nearby woods emerge a pair of mastodons! What a strange world the glaciers created!



The glaciers melted for the last time and left a changed landscape. The millions of tons of water melted from the glaciers carried vast quantities of sand and gravel outwash into the Mississippi River, filling the valley in the north. The Mississippi River, blocked from its old channel by the outwash, carved a new channel near Rock Island and moved to where it is today.

In some places, the moraines blocked the melt waters and formed large lakes that, for a short time, covered hundreds of square miles. These old lake beds are now the parts of Illinois that are really flat!

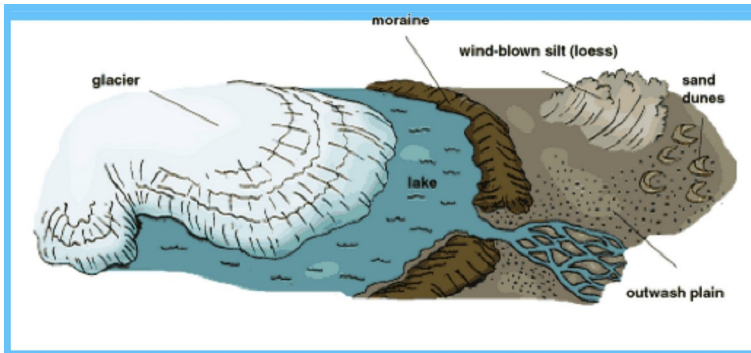
Some lakes drained catastrophically when moraine dams collapsed, producing massive floods. The floods eroded the upper Illinois River Valley and ripped out a path through the ancient ocean sandstone where it lay near the surface, carving out the towering cliffs that now form Starved Rock State Park! The Illinois River took over the lower part of the old Mississippi River Valley and assumed its current course.

Strong winds blew across the outwash plains and piled sand into hills that moved across the land. These formed sand dunes. They are now covered with vegetation (including prickly pear cactus), but Illinois must have looked like the Sahara Desert for a while!

The glacial melt waters also left thick deposits of silt in the Illinois, Mississippi, and other river valleys. Blown around in great dust storms, the silt was deposited all over the state as loess. Near the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, the loess may be 20 to 30 feet thick! It's only 2 or 3 feet thick over most of the rest of the state.

As the climate warmed, the tundra and spruce forests of the arctic like glacial climate gave way to oak woodlands and then to great landscapes of prairie. Slowly, the prairie created a rich, black soil in the loess.

The change in climate that accompanied the melting of the glaciers was the "last straw" for the vast menagerie of animals that inhabited Illinois. Most of the large animals, and some of the smaller ones, died out as the Ice Age ended. Hunting by humans may have played a part in some extinctions.



We are at the end of our story. With a few thousand more years of wind and rain making minor changes, Illinois gradually came to look like it does today. We hop out of our time machine after traveling from tropical ocean, to dark and muddy swamp, to river valleys buried under a frozen landscape, to today.

How Does This History Affect Us Today?

COAL isn't found in northern Illinois. The delta rocks (where the coal is) were eroded away in the northern quarter of the state. Only the central and southern parts of the state contain coal.

OIL, too, is essentially limited to rocks that are present in the central and southern parts of the state, but are eroded away to the north.

SAND and GRAVEL are easily obtained wherever the glaciers deposited outwash and along modern rivers. There is also gravel in the materials deposited in southernmost Illinois when the Gulf of Mexico waters covered that area.

LIMESTONE aggregate for building can be found wherever the ancient ocean limestone is near the surface—mostly in northern Illinois and along the western and southern edge of the state.

Some types of CLAY were deposited in those shallow waters of the Gulf of Mexico—clay that is very absorbent and is now dug up and sold as kitty litter! Other types of clay, useful for making bricks, molded porcelain products and even fine china come from the shales of the ancient delta deposits.

GROUNDWATER—Much of our water supply comes out of the ground! When we drill a well, we're not really looking for water! Water is the desired product, but first we need to find the right geologic materials to obtain it from: materials that act as sponges—materials that hold water and give it up to a well.

Sandstone and limestone are good materials to get water from, as are sand and gravel. Shale, however, yields only a small amount of water. Unfortunately, in three quarters of the state, the bedrock surface is the delta shale! This means that much of the state has very limited groundwater supplies! Could we drill deeper? We could, but water quality worsens as depths increase, and in most (but not all) areas, water from the deep rocks is undrinkable—it's saltier than seawater!

Then where do we find most of our groundwater? We get it from the ancient ocean rocks exposed in the northern quarter of the state and along the Mississippi River Valley and a few other areas.

Also, remember the ancient valleys buried by the glaciers? These valleys are partially filled with glacial sand and gravel. Even though they're not visible at the surface, we can drill into them in many places and obtain a good water supply. Areas with thick deposits of sand and gravel, or where limestone or sandstone are near the surface, generally have good groundwater resources.

The ancient ocean sandstone mined near Starved Rock (a very pure sandstone) is made into high-quality glass used for many purposes. The sand is also used to make the heat-resistant tiles that are attached to the outer skin of the space shuttle. The next time you see

a shuttle blast off into orbit, remember that part of Illinois is going with it!

The history of Illinois is an exciting story! Illinois has seen a fascinating variety of different landscapes. The processes that formed these ancient landscapes produced the Illinois we know today, and it's important to understand that long story! Why? In part, because the presence of the resources that we all use is determined by the processes of long ago that combined to build Illinois!

Story in Booklet Form

The entire story of Prehistoric Illinois can be purchased in booklet form from the Illinois State Geological Survey on their web site at <https://tinyurl.com/y9cf4pf7>.

CHAPTER 3

First People to Enter North America



The first people in North America arrived at least 14,000 years ago. Archaeologists call this period of North American history Paleo-Indian, meaning ancient Indian. Paleo-Indian people left behind distinctive spear points, such as the ones seen here, and other kinds of stone tools at Illinois camp sites.

Archaeologists have yet to find charcoal from which they could get an absolute date for these camp sites, but spear points similar to those illustrated here have been found in other parts of North America in 10,000 to 12,000-year-old deposits. Who were the Paleo-Indians, and from where did they come?



The first people to live in North America came from Asia at least 14,000 years ago. They arrived near the end of the Pleistocene epoch, which is also known as the Ice Age. Archaeologists believe the first Americans crossed into North America when it was connected to Asia by land.

Why aren't these continents connected by land today? Geologists estimate that ocean levels were at least 280 feet lower during the late Ice Age. When sea level fell, sections of ocean floor became dry land. For example, large parts of the continental shelf were exposed along the coasts of North America and land linked Asia and North America.

Where was the water? The earth's climate was colder during the Ice Age than it is today. During the Ice Age, snow made up much of the earth's precipitation. Thick layers of snow slowly accumulated at higher latitudes and higher elevations. As snow accumulated, the bottom layers were compressed and transformed into ice and

eventually glaciers, slow-moving masses of ice. In North America, glaciers once stretched from the Arctic to southern Illinois. As more and more of the Earth's water was transformed into snow and ice, ocean levels fell, exposing large sections of ocean bottom.

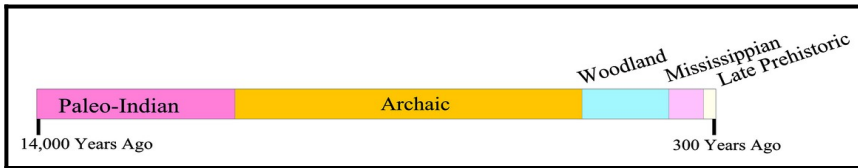
Asian people walked across this Asia/America "land bridge", perhaps while hunting animals like the woolly mammoth. Archaeologists call the land bridge Beringia.

About 12,000 years ago, rising sea water submerged Beringia, which today lies beneath the Bering Sea. Why did the sea level change? When the earth's climate became warmer, glacial ice melted, sea level rose and submerged land along the edges of continents.

CHAPTER 4

Native American Cultural Chronology

The different cultures between the end of the Ice Age and the first contact with Europeans can be defined several different ways. For this book, we will use the names and time periods used by the Illinois State Museum shown at <https://tinyurl.com/6n28fxo>.



The Archaic and Woodland periods are usually further sub-divided into Early, Middle, and Late designations.

The Illinois State Museum web site includes the following sub-sections for each of the five cultural periods identified in the chart above. These sub-sections include general, identify, environment, technology, society, beliefs, and archaeological sites.

For this book we will just review the general information sub-section for the five different cultural periods. If you want further information about these cultural time periods, see the Illinois State Museum's web site at <https://tinyurl.com/6n28fxo>.

Archaic



Wadlow point,
Airport site,
Sangamon
County.

This 4,000 year-old Late Archaic knife is typical of those found in central and southwestern, Illinois. It was made from chert, a silica-rich rock that can be shaped by slowly chipping away unwanted material. Chert is found in limestone bluffs along the lower part of the Illinois River valley and other locations in the state.

The Ice Age came to an end quickly in Illinois.

Warmer climate encouraged the growth of new plants. Deciduous trees replaced spruce and pine, which continued to grow in more northerly latitudes. Animals also changed their way of life, because most animals depend on plants for food. Ice-Age mammals such as the mastodon became extinct, due, in part probably, to changes in the availability of food. They were unable to adjust to the new

environment. Other animals moved to habitats with familiar plant foods, some ending up hundreds of miles from Illinois. Animals accustomed to deciduous forests became more common in Illinois. With all of these changes, Paleo-Indian people also had to change their way of life to survive in this new world.

Archaeologists identify this new way of life as the Archaic period of Native American culture. This period began about 10,000 years ago and lasted until 3,000 years ago. It is divided into three sub-periods: Early (10,000 to 8,000 years ago), Middle (8,000 to 5,000 years ago), and Late Archaic (5,000 to 3,000 years ago). Each sub-period represents a similar, but slightly different way of life.



Archaeologists often use the shape of spear points to identify their age. These three points, all of which are more than 8,000 years old, are typical of the Early Archaic period. They were used to kill and butcher animals like the white-tailed deer (*Odocoileus virginianus*).

The Archaic period was a time of change. Early Archaic people in Illinois continued a hunting and gathering way of life, but

they invented new tools to do so. Middle Archaic people were less nomadic. For at least part of the year, they lived in villages. Late Archaic people still hunted and gathered, but they also cultivated native plants to supplement their food supply.

You have to dig deep into the past to find out how and why the Archaic way of life developed.

Seated pottery figurine, Smiling Dan site, Scott County.



This tiny clay figurine is less than one inch tall. This 2,000 year-old clay figurine is one example of many human figurines made by

Native American artisans during the Middle Woodland period. Figurines are often the only clues to the appearance of ancient Native Americans.

Who made the first bow and arrow? What is important about obsidian (volcanic glass), marine shell, mica, and copper? Where was corn first grown? How was pottery invented? Why did Native Americans build burial mounds?

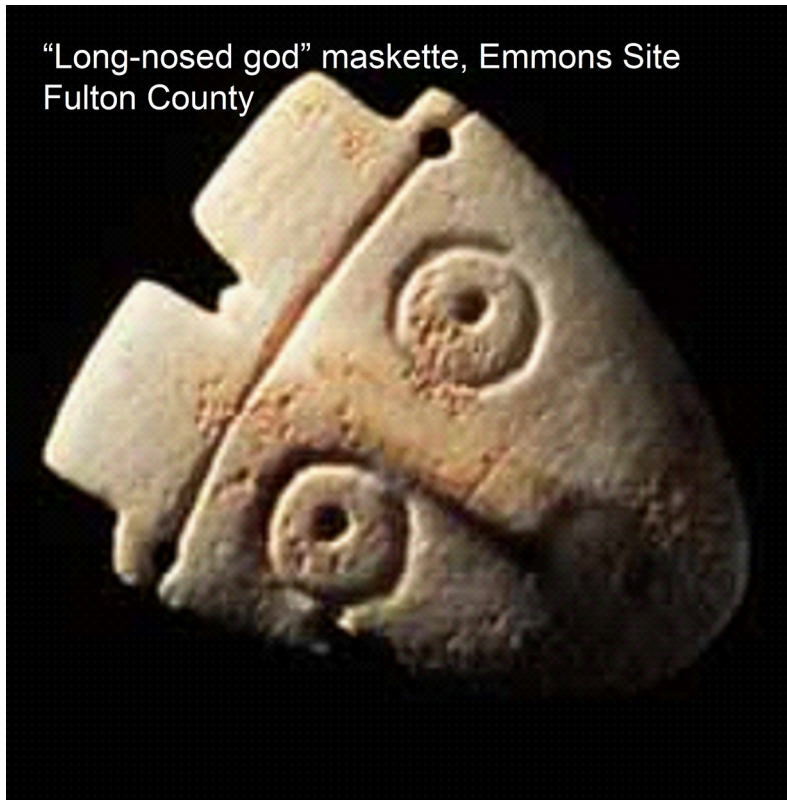
We must explore these questions to understand the Woodland period. The invention of pottery, plant cultivation, mound building, and trade appear first during the Archaic Period in Illinois, but they become much more important and more advanced during the Woodland period. In contrast, the bow and arrow were invented during the Woodland period. These tools and practices represent part of a very different way of life.

The Woodland period is divided into Early (3,000 to 2,200 years ago), Middle (2,200 to 1,800 years ago) and Late (1,800 to 1,250 years ago) sub-periods. Like the Archaic Period, each Woodland sub-period represents a slightly different way of life. Pottery first appears in Illinois during the Early Woodland. Before this time containers were made of wood, plant fiber, or leather.

Long-distance trade and new forms of artistic expression flourish during the Middle Woodland. The bow and arrow and the cultivation of corn distinguish the Late Woodland. In contrast to the Archaic Period, the rate of change is much greater during the Woodland period.

Unlike the Archaic Period, environment appears to have little to do with changes in the Woodland way of life. Instead, Woodland life develops as Native Americans learn to live with a greater number of neighbors.

Mississippian



Made from a piece of marine shell (*Busycon*), this 'long-nosed god' maskette. These shield-shaped maskettes have a squared-off crown, circular eyes, and a large nose of varying lengths. Long-nosed gods are often depicted on shell engravings of falcon impersonators as ear ornaments. The symbolic meaning of these maskettes is obscure.

Corn changed Native American life. It was one of the most productive plants cultivated by Native Americans. The harvest provided sufficient food for the difficult winter months and seed for spring planting. The increased investment in agriculture and

related changes in social and religious practices gave rise to a new way of life that archaeologists call Mississippian.

Archaeologists use the term Mississippian because many of the major centers of this new way of life occur in the Mississippi River valley.



Human effigy pipe, Orendorf site, Fulton County

In addition to learning how Native Americans made pipes, archaeologists also study where pipes were found. The distribution of pipes provides information on where smoking took place and in what situations.

The Mississippian period begins 1,100 years ago (A.D. 900) and continues in Illinois until 550 years ago (A.D. 1450). Mississippian people lived throughout Illinois. In southern Illinois, they built a village on the crest of Millstone Bluff.

In west central Illinois, at the mouth of the Spoon River, they established a large town surrounded by smaller communities, and a large cemetery now known as Dickson Mounds.

Near East St. Louis, Mississippian people built Cahokia, one of the largest Native American cities in North America-larger, in fact, than many European cities at the time. Cahokia was a political and religious center of Mississippian life. The magnificence of this center is still visible today in the form of monumental earthworks that dot the Mississippi River flood plain at Cahokia.

The largest mound at the site, Monks Mound, is 305 m (1,000 ft) long and nearly 244 m (800 ft) wide at its base, and it stands slightly more than 30 m (100 ft) tall. It is larger at its base than any of the Egyptian pyramids. All of the dirt used to construct this enormous earthwork was moved in baskets by hand. These are a few of the 2,379 Mississippian sites documented so far in Illinois.



Monks Mound - Cahokia



Artist's illustration of an
attack on a Protohistoric
Oneota village.

Residents of the Morton site in Fulton County were subjected to raids periodically. The reasons for conflict are not clear.

A new way of Native American life appeared in Illinois seven hundred years ago. Gone were the large Mississippian cities with their monumental mounds. Communities were smaller and simpler. Some parts of Illinois do not appear to have been occupied by Native American between 700 and 300 years ago.

What was life like in the last four centuries before the arrival of French explorers in the late 1600s? Native cultures were changing and there was evidence of conflict in some areas.

CHAPTER 5

First Encounter with the White Man

It is generally accepted the first encounter that Native Americans in Illinois had with the white man, was the Father Marquette and Louis Jolliet expedition in 1673.

Per Wikipedia, Father Jacques Marquette S.J. (June 1, 1637 – May 18, 1675), sometimes known as Père Marquette or James Marquette, was a French Jesuit missionary who founded Michigan's first European settlement, Sault Ste. Marie, and later founded St. Ignace, Michigan.

In 1673 Father Marquette and Louis Jolliet were the first Europeans to explore and map the northern portion of the Mississippi River.

They departed from St. Ignace on May 17, with two canoes and five voyageurs of French-Indian ancestry (Métis). They followed Lake Michigan to Green Bay and up the Fox River, nearly to its headwaters. From there, they were told to portage their canoes a distance of slightly less than two miles through marsh and oak plains to the Wisconsin River. Many years later, at that point the town of Portage, Wisconsin was built, named for the ancient path between the two rivers. From the portage, they ventured forth, and on June 17 they entered the Mississippi near present-day Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

The Joliet-Marquette expedition traveled to within 435 miles (700 km) of the Gulf of Mexico but turned back at the mouth of the Arkansas River. By this point they had encountered several natives carrying European trinkets, and they feared an encounter with explorers or colonists from Spain.

They followed the Mississippi back to the mouth of the Illinois River, which they learned from local natives provided a shorter route back to the Great Lakes. They reached Lake Michigan near the site of modern-day Chicago, by way of the Chicago Portage.

In September Marquette stopped at the mission of St. Francis Xavier, located in present-day Green Bay, Wisconsin, while Jolliet returned to Quebec to relate the news of their discoveries.

As Father Marquette and Jolliet returned home, when they passed through Peoria, on the Illinois River, they were 60 miles away from what would later become Fairbury. When they were at Morris, they were 54 miles from Fairbury.

CHAPTER 6

The Kickapoo in the Midwest

**Per the Illinois State Museum's web site at
<https://tinyurl.com/ycq7vxnk>:**

In the 1600s, when American Indians first came into contact with Europeans in the Great Lakes region, two Native American ethnic groups inhabited the land that would eventually become the State of Illinois.

The first group--known to French explorers and missionaries as the Illinois or Illiniwek Indians--was a collection of twelve tribes that occupied a large section of the central Mississippi River valley, including most of what is today Illinois.

The second group, the Miami tribe, lived in villages located south and west of Lake Michigan.

During the 1700s and early 1800s, the territory of the Illinois Indians shrank and the Miami tribe moved eastward. Other tribes then moved into Illinois to take over land formerly occupied by the Illinois and Miami.

Some of the newly arrived tribes included the Fox (Mesquakie), Ioway, Kickapoo, Mascouten, Piankashaw, Potawatomi, Sauk, Shawnee, Wea, and Winnebago.

Migration of the Kickapoo in Mid-Western States

It is very challenging to locate and track the movements of the various tribes that lived in the Midwest. Some of the reasons for this

include encroachment of the white man, wars between tribes, epidemics, etc.

The GenealogyTrails.com web site references a 1623 map of the Indian Tribes in the Illinois region at <https://tinyurl.com/y8eubjlg>:

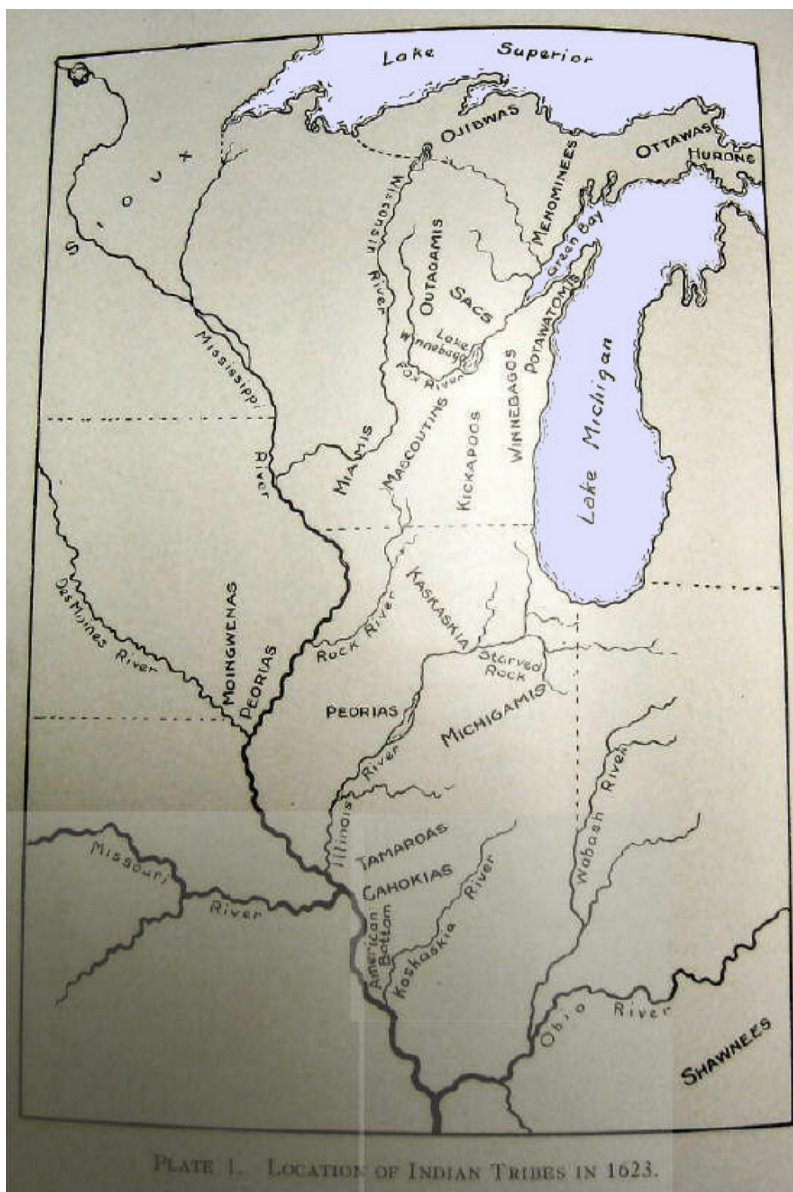
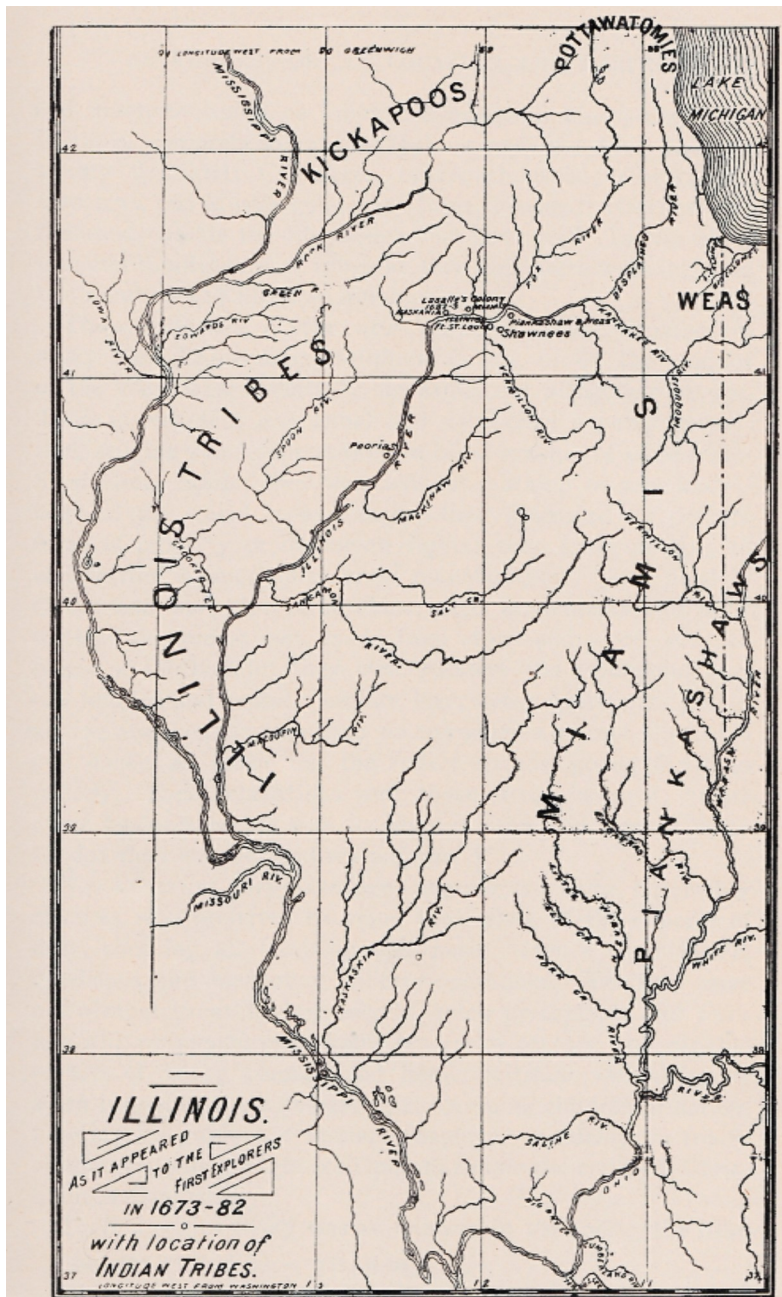


PLATE I. LOCATION OF INDIAN TRIBES IN 1623.

In 1895, John Moses published a two-volume book titled ***ILLINOIS HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL: COMPRISING THE ESSENTIAL FACTS OF ITS PLANTING AND GROWTH AS A PROVINCE, COUNTY, TERRITORY, AND STATE. DERIVED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES, INCLUDING ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS AND PAPERS.***

This book has a map of the Indian Tribes in Illinois when the first white explorers came to this area:



This book also has a short section about the Kickapoo:

The Kickapoos and Mascoutins, nominally the same, were found by Father Allouez, in 1670, near the mouth of Fox River in Wisconsin. They subsequently worked their way, in opposition to the Piankashaws and Illinois, southward to the river of the latter name, thence south of the Kankakee, and still later, fighting their way, to the Vermilion, Sangamon, and Mackinaw rivers, where they remained for over a hundred years.

Their villages were on the Vermilion, the Embarras, the head-waters of the Okaw, and on Sugar Creek; and their principal village at Old Mackinaw, in McLean County. They were called Prairie Indians, and although comparatively few in numbers, they were extremely fierce and strongly disposed to war. They were tall, sinewy, and active; industrious and cleanly in their habits, remarks Gov. Reynolds, and were better armed and clothed than other Indians.

They were inferior to the Miamis, Delawares, and Shawnees in the management of large bodies of men, but excelled all other tribes in predatory warfare. Small parties of from five to twenty, with unequalled celerity, would swoop down upon an unprotected settlement a hundred miles distant, and, capturing the women and children, would burn the cabins, kill the cattle, and make off with the horses, before an alarm could be given.

The French were unable to influence, much less to tame them. Superior to surrounding tribes in energy and intelligence, they were the persistent and uncompromising enemies of the whites in the very centre of the Illinois country. The early settlers on, and adjacent to the American Bottom were for years kept in continual alarm by their midnight attacks and menacing presence. With the close of the war of 1812, to the great relief of the pioneers, the Kickapoos ceased their hostilities.

CHAPTER 7

Illustrations of Kickapoo Life

The Illinois State Museum in Springfield, Illinois, has five scenes of typical Kickapoo life in their diorama display. The displays opened on April 7, 1984.

Photos by the author of these displays are shown below.







The Illinois State Museum is a great place to take children and show them the diorama scenes, as well as the huge collection of artifacts in the museum.

CHAPTER 8

Living with the Kickapoo in 1788

In 1922, William Biggs published his own narrative of being captured by the Kickapoo titled ***NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTIVITY OF WILLIAM BIGGS AMONG THE KICKAPOO INDIANS IN ILLINOIS*** in 1788.

The author is not aware of any other publications which describe daily life with the Kickapoo back in this time-frame. His short narrative is shown below:

In the year 1788, March 28th, I was going from Bellfontain to Cahokia, in company with a young man named John Vallis, from the State of Maryland; he was born and raised near Baltimore. About 7 o'clock in the morning I heard two guns fired; by the report I thought they were to the right; I thought they were white men hunting; both shot at the same time. I looked but could not see any body; in a moment after I looked to the left and saw sixteen Indians, all upon their feet with their guns presented, about forty yards distant from me, just ready to draw trigger. I was riding between Vallis and the Indians in a slow trot, at the moment I saw them. I whipped my horse and leaned my breast on the horse's withers, and told Vallis to whip his horse, that they were Indians.

That moment they all fired their guns in one platoon; you could scarcely distinguish the report of their guns one from another. They shot four bullets into my horse, one high up in his withers, one in the bulge of the ribs near my thigh, and two in his rump, and shot four or five through my great coat. The moment they fired their guns they ran towards us and yelled so frightfully, that the wounds and the yelling of the Indians scared my horse so that he jumped so suddenly to one side of the road, that my gun fell off my shoulder, and twisted out of my hand; I then bore all my weight on one stirrup, in order to catch my gun, but could not.

I had a large bag of beaver fur, which prevented me from recovering my saddle, and having no girth nor crupper to my saddle, it turned and fell off my horse, and I fell with it, but caught on my feet and held the mane; I made several attempts to mount my horse again; but the Indians running up so close, and making such a frightful yelling, that my horse jumped and pranced so that it was impossible for me to mount him again, but I held fast to my horse's mane for twenty or thirty yards; then my hold broke and I fell on my hands and knees, and stumbled along about four or five steps before I could recover myself.

By the time I got fairly on my feet, the Indians were about eight or ten yards from me—I saw then there was no other way for me to make my escape but by fast running, and I was determined to try it, and had but little hopes at first of my being able to escape. I ran about one hundred yards before I looked back—I thought almost every step I could feel the scalping knife cutting my scalp off.

I found I was gaining ground on them, I felt encouraged and ran about three hundred yards farther, and looking back saw that I had gained about one hundred yards, and considering myself quite out of danger. A thought then occurred to me, that I was as safe and out of danger as I would be if I were in the City of Philadelphia: the Indians had quit yelling and slacked their running—but I did not know it then. It being a tolerable cold morning and I was heavily clad, I thought perhaps the Indians would give me a long chase, and probably that they would hold out better than I could; although at that time I did not feel the least tired or out of breath.

I concluded to throw off my two coats and shoes, as I would then be better prepared for a long race. I had my great coat tied around me with a silk handkerchief pretty much worn—I recollect tying it with a slip knot, but being in a hurry, it was drawn into a double hard knot; I tried some little time to get it loose—the longer I tried the harder the knot seemed to get, that stopped my running considerably; at length I broke it by some means, I do not know how.

In the morning I forgot to put on my shot pouch before I put on my great coat, and then put it on over it. I pulled off the sleeves of my great coat, not thinking of my shot-pouch being over my coat, it having a very short strap, the coat got so tight in the strap that I could not get it loose for a

considerable time. Still trying, it hung down and trailed on the ground, and every two or three steps it would wrap around my legs and throw me down, and I would catch on my hands and knees, it served me so several times, so that I could make no headway at running. After some considerable time, I broke the strap and my great coat dropped from me—I had no knife with me.

The Indians discovered that something was the matter and saw me tumbling down several times. I suppose they thought I was wounded and could run no farther; they then set up the yell again and mended their gait running. By the time I got my great coat loose from me, and was in the act of pulling off my under coat, I was pulling off one sleeve I looked back over my shoulder, but had not time to pull it off—the Indians being within ten yards of me. I then started again to run, but could not gain any ground on them, nor they on me; we ran about one hundred yards farther and neither appeared to gain ground: there was a small pathway that was a little nearer than to keep the big road,—I kept the big road, the Indians took the path, and when we came where the path comes into the big road the Indians were within three or four yards from me—we ran forty or fifty steps farther and neither appeared to gain ground.

I expected every moment they would strike me with their tomahawks—I thought it would not do to be killed running like a coward and saw no other way to make my escape than to face about and to catch the tomahawk from the first that attempted to strike me, and jerk it from him, which I made no doubt but I was able to do; then I would have a weapon to fight with as well as them, and by that means I would be able to make my escape; they had thrown down their guns before they gave me chase, but I had not fairly faced about before an Indian caught me by the shoulder and held his tomahawk behind him and made no attempt to strike me. I then thought it best for me not to make any resistance till I would see whether he would attempt to strike me or not.

He held me by the shoulder till another came up and took hold of me, which was only four or five moments; then a third Indian came up, the first Indian that took hold of me took the handle of his tomahawk and rubbed it on my shoulder and down my arm, which was a token that he would not kill me and that I was his prisoner. Then they all took their hands off me and stood around me. The fourth Indian came up and attempted to strike

me, but the first Indian that caught me pushed him away. He was still determined to kill me, and tried to get around to my back; but I still faced round as he was trying to get to my back—when he got up by my side, he drew his tomahawk the second time to strike me, but the same Indian pushed him off and scolded him very much—he let his tomahawk hang by his side, but still intended to kill me if he could get an opportunity.

The other Indians watched him very closely. There were but four Indians that gave me chase, they were all naked except their breechcloth, leggings and moccasins. They then began to talk to me in their own language, and said they were Kickapoos, that they were very good Indians, and I need not be afraid, they would not hurt me, and I was now a Kickapoo and must go with them, they would take me to the Matocush, meaning a French trading town on the Wabash river.

When the Indians caught me I saw Mr. Vallis about one hundred yards before me on the road—he had made a halt. They shot him in the left thigh about seven or eight inches above the knee, the ball came out just below his hip, his horse was not injured—he rode an elegant horse which carried him out of all farther danger—his wound mortified, he lived six weeks after he was wounded, then died. I understood their language, and could speak a little. They then told me to march; an Indian took hold of each of my arms, and led me back to where they shot at me, and then went about half a mile further off the road, where they had encamped the night before and left their blankets and other things.

They then took off my under coat and tied my hands behind my back, and then tied a rope to that, tying about six or seven feet long, we then started in a great hurry, and an Indian held one end of the rope while we were marching. There were but eight Indians marched in company with me that morning from the camp. The other eight took some other route, and never fell in with us again, until some time after we got to their towns.

We had marched about three or four miles from that camp when Vallis arrived at the fort, about six miles from where they caught me, where they fired a swivel to alarm the people who were out of the fort—when the Indians heard the swivel they were very much alarmed, and all looked that way and hallowed yough, yough. They then commenced running, and run in a pretty smart trot of a run for five or six miles before they halted, and

then walked very fast until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when they separated, I supposed to hunt, having nothing to eat. The old chief and one of the other Indians kept on a straight course with me, we traveled about three miles, when we got a little way into a small prairie and halted about fifteen minutes, there one of the party fell in with us, he had killed a bear and brought as much of the meat with him as he could carry.

We then crossed the prairie and came to a large run about one mile and a half from where we had halted to rest. By this time three Indians had joined us. We halted there, made a fire and roasted the bear meat, the other two Indians staid behind as spies. Whilst the meat was cooking, the Indians held a council what they would do with the Indian that wanted to kill me. He was a young fellow about 19 years of age and of a different nation, being a Potawatomi.

They did not want him to go to war with them; they said he was a great coward and would not go into danger till there was no risk to run, then he would run forward and get the best of the plunder, and that he would not be commanded; he would do as he pleased; was very selfish and stubborn; and was determined to kill me if he could get a chance. They determined in their council to kill him. It is a law with the Indians when they go to war, if an Indian will not obey the counsels and commands of his captain or chief, to kill them. When their meat was cooked, they ate very hearty, and when they were done eating, three of the Indians got up, put on their budgets and started, this young Indian was one of them.

I also got up to show a willingness to be ready. The old chief told me to sit down, and the three Indians started off. In about three or four minutes after we started, but varied a little in our course. We had not traveled more than one hundred yards when we heard the report of a gun. The old chief then told me that they had killed the Indian that wanted to kill me. The other two Indians fell in company with us before night. We then traveled till about 10 o'clock in the night, when we encamped at a large grove of timber in a prairie, about four miles from the edge of the woods; made no fire that night. We traveled about forty miles that day. After they rested a while they sat down to eat their jerky. They gave me some but I could not eat any. After they were done eating, one of the Indians was sitting with his back against a tree, with his knife between his legs. I was sitting facing him with my feet nearly touching his. He began to inquire of me of what

nation I belonged to. I was determined to pretend that I was ignorant and could not understand him. I did not wish them to know that I could speak some Indian language, and understand them better than I could speak. He first asked me in Indian if I was a Matocush, (that is a Frenchman in English). I told him no. He asked me if I was a Sagenash, (an Englishman). I told him no. He again asked if I was a Shemolsea, (that is a long knife or a Virginian). I told him no. He then asked me if I was a Bostonely, (that is American). I told him no.

About one minute afterwards, he asked me the same questions over again. I then answered him yes; he then spoke English and caught up his knife in his hand, and said "you are one dam son of a bitch." I really thought he intended stabbing me with his knife. I knew it would not do to show cowardice, I being pretty well acquainted with their manner and ways. I then jumped upon my feet and spoke in Indian and said manetway, kien, depaway, in English it is no, I am very good, and clapped my hand on my breast when I spoke and looked very bold; the other Indians all set up such ha! ha! and laugh that it made the other Indian look very foolish. He sat still and looked very sulky. After they had rested a while, they began to prepare to lay down. They spread down a deer-skin and blanket for me to lay on.

They had tied a rope around my arms above my elbows, and tied that rope across my back, and a rope around my neck; they then tied the end of another rope behind to the neck rope, then down my back to the pinion rope; then they drew my hands forward across my stomach and crossed my wrists; then tied my wrists very tight; then tied my legs together, just below my knees; then tied my feet together with a rope round my ankles; then took a small cord and tied in between my wrists, and also between my ankles very tight, in order to prevent me from drawing out my hands or feet.

They then took another cord and tied one end to the neck rope; then to the hand rope; then from the hand rope to the knee rope; they then took a rope about six feet long and tied one end to the wrist rope, and the other end to a stake about six feet from me stretched very tight, and an Indian laid on that rope all night; then they took another rope about the same length, and tied one end to the knee rope and the other end to a stake, and another Indian laid on that all night; then they tied a large half-dressed elk rope,

one end to the back part of the neck rope which made a knot as big as my fist, the other end they tied to a stake about six feet from my head.

When they finished their tying me, they covered me with a blanket. They tied me in the a foregoing way nine nights in succession; they had me stretched and tied so tight, that I could not move one inch to turn or rest myself; that large knot was on the back of my neck, so that I was obliged to lay on it all night, and it hurt my neck very much. I never suffered as much in the same length of time in all my life; I could hardly walk when we got out to their town. They never made me carry anything except a blanket they gave me to keep myself warm, when they took all my clothes from me. The Indians carried a deer-skin and blanket all the way for me to lodge upon. When my hands and feet became sore with the tying the Indians would always pull off my moccasins at night and put them on in the morning, and patch them when they would require it.

The second day we started very early in the morning and traveled about thirty-five miles, which was the 29th of March.

The third day we traveled about thirty miles, which was the 30th of March. They killed a deer that day—in the evening they took the intestines out of the deer and freed them of their contents, when they put them in the kettles with some meat and made soup, I could not eat any of it.

The fourth day we traveled about twenty-five miles. We stopped about 3 o'clock in the afternoon at a pond. They staid there all night. They had some dried meat, tallow, and buffalo marrow, rendered up together, lashed and hung upon a tree about twenty feet from the ground, which they had left there in order to be sure to have something to eat on their return. They killed two ducks that evening. The ducks were very fat. They picked one of the ducks, and took out all its entrails very nice and clean, then stuck it on a stick, and stuck the other end of the stick in the ground before the fire, and roasted it very nice.

By the time the duck was cooked, one of the Indians went and cut a large block out of a tree to lay the duck upon; they made a little hole in the ground to catch the fat of the duck while roasting. When the duck was cooked, they laid it on this clean block of wood, then took a spoon and tin cup, and lifted the grease of the duck out of the hole and took it to the

cooked duck on the table, and gave me some salt, then told me to go and eat. I sat by and eat the whole of the duck, and could have eat more if I would have had anything more to eat, though I had no bread. I thought I had never eat anything before that tasted so good. That was the first meal I had eaten for four days. The other duck they pulled a few of the largest feathers out off, then threw the duck, guts, feathers and all into their soup-kettle, and cooked it in that manner.

The fifth day we traveled about thirty miles. That night I felt very tired and sore, my hands, arms, legs and feet had swelled and inflamed very much, by this time; the tying that night hurt me very much, I thought I could not live until morning; it felt just like a rough saw cutting my bones. I told the Indians I could not bear it, it would kill me before morning, and asked them to unslack or unloose the wrist rope a little, that hurt me the most. They did so, and rather more than I expected, so much that I could draw my hands out of the tying, which I intended to do as soon as I thought the Indians were asleep.

When I thought the Indians were all asleep I drew my right hand out of tying, with an intention to put it back again before I would go to sleep, for fear I should make some stir in my sleep and they might discover me. But, finding so much more ease, and resting so much better, I fell asleep before I knew it, without putting my hand back into the tying. The first thing I knew about 3 o'clock in the morning, an Indian was sitting astraddle me, drawing his tomahawk and rubbing it across my forehead, every time he would draw a stroke with the pipe of his tomahawk, he threatened to kill me, and saying I wanted to run away; I told him to kill away. I would as leave die as live. I then told him I was not able to run away. He then got off me, and the rest of the Indians were all up immediately. They then held a short council and agreed to tie me as tight as ever, and they did so. I got no more sleep that night. I never asked them to loose my ropes any more.

The sixth day we traveled about thirty miles, and had nothing to eat that day.

The seventh day we traveled about twenty-five miles; they killed a doe that day. She had two fawns in her, not yet haired. They stopped about four o'clock in the evening, and cooked the doe and her two fawns, and eat the

whole up that night. They gave me part of a fawn to eat, but I could not eat it, it looked too tender. I eat part of the doe.

The eighth day we traveled about twenty-five miles, and had nothing to eat that day.

The ninth day we traveled about fifteen miles. We then arrived at an Indian hunting camp, where they made sugar that spring. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon, we had not yet anything to eat that day. The Indians that lived there had plenty of meat, hominy grease and sugar to eat. They gave us plenty of everything they had to eat. We were very hungry and ate like hungry dogs. When we were satisfied eating, the warriors went into a large cabin and I went with them, and immediately several of their friends came in to see them, both men and squaws, to hear the news. It is a custom with that nation for the squaws to demand presents of the warriors if they have been successful.

After some little inquiry the squaws began to demand presents of the warriors; some would ask for a blanket, some for a shirt, some for a tomahawk; one squaw asked for a gun. The warriors never refused anything that was demanded. The manner in which they made their demand was, they would go up to an Indian and take hold of what they wanted. When the squaws were done with the warriors, there came a squaw and took hold of my blanket; I saw how the game was played, I just threw it off and gave it to her; then there came up a young squaw about eleven or twelve years old and took hold of my shirt, I did not want to let that go, as it was very cold day, and I let on I did not understand what she wanted. She appeared to be very much ashamed and went away. The older squaws encouraged and persuaded her to try it again; she came up the second time and took hold of my shirt again, I still pretended to be ignorant, but she held fast. I knew it would have to go.

One of the warriors then stepped up and told me to let her have it. I then pulled it off and gave it to her. The old squaws laughed very much at the young squaw. I was then quite naked and it was a very cold day; I had nothing on me but moccasins, leggings and breechcloth. We remained there about 3 or 4 hours. The warriors then went out to the post to dance, they invited me to go with them to dance. I did so, they sung and danced around the war-post for half an hour. The old Indians would sing and

dance sometimes out of the ring and appeared very lively. The warriors then marched right off from their dance on their journey. We had not got more than about 50 or 60 yards when I looked back and saw a squaw running with a blanket; she threw it on my shoulders, it fell down. I turned round and picked it up, it was a very old, dirty, lousy blanket, though it was better than nothing, as the day was very cold. We traveled about five or six miles that evening, then encamped in the woods. I suffered very much that night from the cold.

The tenth day we traveled five or six miles in the morning. We got within a quarter of a mile of a new town, on the west bank of the Wabash river, where those warriors resided, about nine o'clock, and made a halt at a running branch of water, where the timber was very thick, so that they could conceal themselves from the view of the town. Then they washed themselves all over and dressed themselves with paint of different colors. They made me wash, then they painted me and said I was a Kickapoo.

Then they cut a pole and peeled it, painted it different colors and stuck the big end in the ground, and cleared a ring around the pole for to dance in. The fifth night they cut a lock of hair out of the crown of my head about as thick as my finger, plaited it elegantly and put it in their conjuring bag, and hung that bag on the pole they contemplated dancing around, and said that I was their prisoner, and I was a Kickapoo, and must dance with them. When they all got ready to dance, the captain gave three very loud halloes, then walked into the ring and the rest all followed him. They placed me the third next to the captain; they then began to sing and dance. When we had danced about half an hour, I saw several old men, boys and squaws come running to where we were dancing.

When there were a considerable number of them collected, the captain stepped out of the ring and spoke to the squaws. He told them to carry his and the other warriors' budgets to the town; the captain then joined the other warriors and me in the dancing ring; he marched in the front and we danced and sung all the way from there into the town. Some of the old Indian warriors marched upon each side of us, and at times would sing and dance until we got into their town. We continued dancing until we got through the town to the war-post, which stood on the west bank of the Wabash river; danced round that about twenty minutes; they then marched into the town, took all the cords off me, and showed me a cabin, told me to

go in there, they were good Indians, they would give me something to eat; I need not fear, as they would not hurt me. I accordingly went in, where I received a plenty to eat and was treated very kindly. The warriors went into other cabins and feasted very greedily. We had not eat anything that morning nor the night before. About one hour and a half before the sun set the same evening, the warriors went out to the war-post again to dance. They took me with them; several other Indians were present. They had danced about half an hour when I saw two Indian men and a squaw riding a horseback across the Wabash river, from the east side; they came to where we were dancing. One of the Indians had a handkerchief tied around his head and was carrying a gun; the other had a cocked hat on his head, and had a large sword. The warriors never let on that they saw them, but continued dancing about fifteen minutes. After the two Indians and squaw came up the warriors quit dancing, and went to them and shook hands; they appeared very glad to see each other.

The captain of the warriors then talked with them about half an hour, and appeared to be very serious in their conversation. The captain then told me I must go with them two Indians and squaw. The sun was just then setting; the two Indians looked very much pleased. I did not want to go with them, as I knew not where they were going, and would have rather remained with the warriors that took me, as I had got acquainted with them, but the captain told me I must go with the two Indians and squaw, and that they were very good Indians. The Indian that had the sword rode up to a stump and told me to get up behind him on his horse; I did so with great reluctance, as I knew not where they were going; they looked very much like warriors.

However, they started off very lively, and the Indian that I was riding behind began to plague and joke the squaw about me; she was his sister-in-law. He was an Indian that was full of life and very funny. When I got acquainted with him I was well pleased with him. We traveled about ten miles that evening before we reached the place they resided. They were then living at a sugar camp, where they had made sugar that spring, on the west bank of the Wabash, about ten miles below the old Kickapoos' trading town, opposite to the Weaves town. We arrived at their sugar camp about two hours in the night. They then gave me to an old Kickapoo chief, who was the father of the Indian that carried the gun, and the squaw, and the father-in-law of the funny Indian.

The old chief soon began to inquire of me where I lived, and where the Indians caught me. I told him. He then asked me if they did not kill an Indian when they took me prisoner. I told him no, there was no body with me but one man and he had no gun. He then asked me again, if the Indians did not kill one of their own men when they took me. I told him I did not know; the captain told me they did, but I did not see them kill him. The old chief then told me that it was true, they did kill him, and said he was a bad Indian, he wanted to kill me. By this time the young squaw, the daughter of the old chief, whom I traveled in company with that evening, had prepared a good supper for me; it was hominy beat in a mortar, as white and as handsome as I ever saw, and well cooked; she fried some dried meat, pounded very fine in a mortar, in oil, then sprinkled sugar very plentifully over it. I ate very hearty; indeed, it was all very good and well cooked.

When I was done eating, the old chief told me to eat more. I told him I had eat enough. He said no, if I did not eat more I could not live. Then the young squaw handed me a tin cupful of water, sweetened with sugar. It relished very well. Then the old chief began to make further inquiries. He asked me if I had a wife and family. I told him I had a wife and three children. The old chief then appeared to be very sorry for my misfortune, and told me that I was among good Indians, I need not fear, they would not hurt me, and after awhile I should go home to my family; that I should go down the Wabash to Opost, from there down to the Ohio, then down the Ohio, and then up the Mississippi to Kaskaskia.

We sat up until almost midnight; the old chief appeared very friendly indeed. The young squaw had prepared a very good bed for me, with bearskins and blankets. I laid down and slept very comfortably that night. It appeared as though I had got into another world, after being confined and tied down with so many ropes and the loss of sleep nine nights. I remained in bed pretty late next morning. I felt quite easy in mind, but my wrists and legs pained me very much and felt very sore. The young squaw had her breakfast prepared and I eat very hearty. When breakfast was over this funny Indian came over and took me to his cabin, about forty yards from the old chief's. There were none living at that place then but the old chief, his wife and daughter.

They lived by themselves in one cabin and the old chief's son and son-in-law and their wives in another cabin, and a widow squaw, the old chief's daughter, lived by herself in a cabin adjoining her brother and brother-in-law. None of them had any children but the old chief. A few minutes after I went into this funny Indian's cabin he asked me if I wanted to shave. I told him yes, my beard was very long.

He then got a razor and gave it to me. It was a very good one. I told him it wanted strapping. He went and brought his shot-pouch strap. He held one end and I the other end. I gave the razor a few passes on the strap, and found the razor to be a very good one. By this time the old chief's young squaw had come over; she immediately prepared some hot water for me to shave, and brought it in a tin cup and gave it to me, and a piece of very good shaving soap. By the time I was done shaving the young squaw had prepared some clean water in a pewter basin for me to wash, and a cloth to wipe my hands and face.

She then told me to sit down on a bench; I did so. She got two very good combs, a coarse and a fine one. It was then the fashion to wear long hair; my hair was very long and very thick and very much matted and tangled; I traveled without my hat or anything else on my head; that was the tenth day it had not been combed. She combed out my hair very tenderly, and then took the fine one and combed and looked over my head nearly one hour. She then went to a trunk and got a ribbon and queued my hair very nicely. The old chief's son then gave me a very good regimental blue cloth coat, faced with yellow buff-colored cloth. The son-in-law gave me a very good beaver macaroni hat. These they had taken from some officers they had killed. Then the widow squaw took me into her cabin and gave me a new ruffled shirt and a very good blanket. They told me to put them on; I did so.

When I had got my fine dress on, the funny Indian told me to walk across the floor. I knew they wanted to have a little fun. I put my arms akimbo with my hands on my hips, and walked with a very proud air three or four times backwards and forwards across the floor. The funny Indian said in Indian that I was a very handsome man and a big captain. I then sat down, and they viewed me very much, and said I had a very handsome leg and thigh, and began to tell how fast I ran when the Indians caught me, and showed how I ran—like a bird flying. They appeared to be very well

pleased with me, and I felt as comfortable as the nature of the case would admit of.

The next morning after breakfast, they all left that camp; they put all their property into a large perouge and moved by water up the Wabash river to the old Kickapoo trading town, about ten miles from their sugar camp; they sent me by land and one Indian with me. When we had got about half way to the town, we met with a young Frenchman; his name was Ebart; I was very well acquainted with him in the Illinois country; he spoke tolerably good English. The Indian then left me, and I went on to the town with the young Frenchman; I got to the town before the Indians arrived with their perouge, and the young Frenchman showed me their cabin, and told me to stay there until they would come, that they would be there in a few minutes.

I there met with an English trader, a very friendly man, whose name was John McCauslin; he was from the north of England; we made some little acquaintance. He was a Freemason and appeared very sorry for my misfortune and told me he would do everything in his power to befriend me and told me I was with good Indians, they would not hurt me. He inquired of me where I lived and asked if I had a family. He then told me of the circumstance of the Indians killing one of their own men that day they caught me. He said it was a fact, he was a bad Indian and would not obey the commands of his captain and that he was still determined to kill me. My Indian family soon arrived and cleared up their cabin and got their family ready. They were a smart, neat and cleanly family, kept their cabin very nice and clean, the same as white women, and cooked their victuals very nice.

After dinner was over, there came four Indians in the old chief's cabin. Two of them were the old chief's brother's children. They appeared to be in a very fine humor. I did not know but that they belonged to the same family and town. They had not been there more than one hour, until the old chief and the four Indians sat down on the floor in the cabin and had a long discourse about an hour and a half. Then all got up. The old chief then told me I must go with those Indians. I told him I did not want to go. He then told me I must go; that they were his children and that they were very good Indians; they would not hurt me. Then the old chief gave me to the oldest

brother, in place of his father who was killed about one year before by the white people; he was one of their chiefs.

Then the four Indians started off and I with them; they went down to the lower end of the town and stopped at an Indian cabin and got some bread and meat to eat. They gave me some. I did not go into the Indian cabin. They had not been in the cabin more than ten or twelve minutes before the old chief's young squaw came up and stood at the door. She would not go in. I discovered the Indians laughing and plaguing her. She looked in a very ill humor; she did not want them to take me away. They immediately started from the cabin and took a tolerably large path that led into the woods in a pretty smart trot. The squaw started immediately after them. They would look back once in a while, and when they would see the squaw coming they would whoop, hollow and laugh. When they got out of sight of the squaw they stopped running and traveled in a moderate walk.

When we got about three miles from the town, they stopped where a large tree had fallen by the side of the path and laid high off the ground. They got up high on the log and looked back to see if the squaw was coming. When the squaw came up she stopped and they began to plague her and laugh at her. They spoke in English. They talked very vulgar to the squaw. She soon began to cry. When they got tired plaguing her, they jumped off the log and started on their road in a trot, and I ran with them. The squaw stood still till we got most out of sight. They would look back and laugh and sometimes hollow and whoop, and appeared to be very much diverted. They did not run very far before they slackened in their runnings. They then walked moderately until they got to their town, which was three miles further from the tree they stopped at. We got into their town about one hour and a half before the sun set.

That same evening the squaw came in about half an hour after we arrived. I met with a young man that evening who had been taken prisoner about eighteen months before I was taken. His name was Nicholas Coonse (a Dutchman), then about 19 years of age. He heard I was coming, and he came to meet me a little way out of town. He was very glad to see me and I to see him, and we soon made up acquaintance. Coonse and myself were to live in one cabin together. The two brothers that I was given up to, one of them claimed Coonse and the other claimed me. They both lived in the same cabin. When the squaw arrived, she came immediately to our cabin

and stood outside at the door; she would not come in. I noticed the Indians plaguing and laughing at her; she looked very serious.

About sunset, Coonse asked me if I wanted a wife. (He could not speak very good English, but he could speak pretty good Indian.) I told him no. He then told me if I wanted one I could have one. I asked him how he knew that. He said, "There is a squaw that wants to marry you," pointing at her. I told him I reckoned not. He says, "Yes. Indeed, she does; she came after you a purpose to marry you." I told Coonse I had a wife, and I did not want another one. He says, "O, well, if you want her you can have her." She stood by the door for some time after dark. I did not know when she went away; she staid two days and three nights before she returned home. I never spoke a word to her while she was there. She was a very handsome girl, about 18 years of age, a beautiful, full figure and handsomely featured, and very white for a squaw. She was almost as white as dark complexioned white women generally are. Her father and mother were very white skinned Indians.

The next day was the 9th day of April, and thirteenth day that I had been their prisoner. The chief Indians and warriors that day held a general council, to know in what manner and way to dispose of me. They collected in the cabin where I lived. While they were in council their dinner was cooking. There were about ten in number, and they all sat down on the floor in a circle, and then commenced by their interpreter, Nicholas Coonse.

The first question they asked me was, "Would I have my hair cut off like they cut theirs?" I answered "No." The second question they asked me was, "If I would have holes bored in my ears and nose and have rings and lead hung in them like they had?" I answered "No." The third question they asked me was, "If I could make hats?" (I had a large bag of beaver fur with me when they took me prisoner; from that circumstance I suppose they thought I was a hatter.) I answered "No." The fourth question they asked me was, "If I was a carpenter?" and said they wanted a door made for their cabin. I answered "No." The fifth question they asked me was, "If I was a blacksmith; could I mend their guns and makes axes and hoes for them?" I answered "No." The sixth question they asked me was, "If I could hoe corn?" I answered "No". The seventh question they asked me was, "If I could hunt?" I answered. "No. I could shoot at a mark very well, but I

never hunted any." Then they told Coonse to ask me how I got my living; if I could do no work. I thought I had out-generalled them, but that question stumped me a little. The first thought that struck my mind, I thought I would tell them I was a weaver by trade, but a second thought occurred to my mind, I told Coonse to tell them I made my living by writing.

The Indians answered and said it was very well. The eighth question they asked me was, "If I had a family?" I answered "Yes, I had a wife and three children." The ninth question they asked me was, "If I wanted to go home to see my wife and children?" I answered "Yes," They said, "Very well, you shall go home by and by." The tenth question they asked was, "If I wanted a wife then?" I answered "No," and told them it was not the fashion for the white people to have two wives at the same time. They said, very well, I could get one if I wanted one, and they said if I staid with them until their corn got in roasting ears, then I must take a wife. I answered them yes, if I staid that long with them. They then told me that I might go anywhere about in the town, but not go out of sight of the town, for if I did, there were bad Indians round about the town and they would catch me and kill me, and they said they could run like horses; and another thing they said, don't you recollect the Indians that took you prisoner and cut a lock of hair out of the crown of your head. I told them yes.

Then they told me in consequence of that, if you attempted to run away, you could not live eight days. If you will stay with us and not run away, you shall not even bring water to drink. I told them I wanted to go home to my family, but I would not go without letting them know before I went. They said, very well. They appeared well pleased with me and told me again I might go anywhere about in the town, but not go out of sight of the town. I was sitting on a bench, when the old chief got up and put both his hands on my head and said something, I did not know what. Then he gave me a name and called me "Mohcossea," after the old chief that was killed, who was the father of the Indian that I was given up to. Then I was considered one of that family, a Kickapoo in place of their father, the old chief.

Then the principal chief took the peace pipe and smoked two or three draws. It had a long stem about three feet in length. He then passed it round to the other Indians before they raised from their council. He held

the pipe by the end and each of them took two or three draws. Then he handed it to me and I smoked. The chief then said I was a Kickapoo and that they were good Indians and that I need not be afraid; they would not hurt me, but I must not run away.

By this time their dinner was prepared and they were ready to eat. They all sat down and told me to sit by. I did, and we all eat a hearty dinner and they all appeared to be well pleased with their new adopted Kickapoo brother.

These Indians lived about six miles west of the old Kickapoo trading town, on the west side of the Wabash river. They had no traders in their town. After dinner was over, they told the interpreter Coons that I must write to their trading town for some bread. I told Coons to tell them I had nothing to write with—no paper, nor pen and ink. They said I must write. I told Coons to tell them again I had no paper nor nothing to write with. Coons told them. Then the Indian that claimed me went to his trunk and brought me a letter that had one-half sheet of it clean paper. I told Coons to tell them I wanted a pen. The same Indian went and pulled a quill out of a turkey wing and gave it to me. I told Coons I wanted a knife to make the pen.

The same Indian got his scalping knife; he gave it two or three little whets and gave it to me. I then told Coons I wanted some ink. Coons says, "Ink—ink; what is that? I don't know what ink is." He had no name for ink in Indian or English. I told him to tell the Indian to get me some gunpowder and water and a spoon and I would make the ink myself. The Indian did so. I knew very well what their drift was; they wanted a proof to know whether I told them any lies when they examined me in their council. When I had made the ink and was ready to write I asked Coons how many loaves of bread I should write for. He says, "Ho! a couple of loaves; tay only want to know if you can write or if you told them any lies or not." I wrote to the English trader, that I mentioned before that I had made some acquaintance with the day I passed the old trading town, for to get me two loaves of bread. He very well knew my situation and circumstances. There was a Frenchman, a baker, that lived in the trading town.

When I had finished writing, the Indian took it up and looked at it and said, "Depaway, very good." Coons' master, a brother to the one that

claimed me, told Coons to go catch his horse and take the letter for the bread, not stay, but return as soon as possible. Coons hurried off immediately and soon returned. As soon as he came back he brought the two loaves of bread and gave them to me. I then asked Coons what I should do with this bread, as he was somewhat better acquainted with the ways of the Indians than I was. He says, "Knife one loaf to the old squaw and her two little children, and divide the other loaf between you and your master, but keep a biggest half." I did so. This old squaw was the mother of the two Indians that claimed Coons and myself. The old squaw and her two children soon eat their loaf. I then divided my half between the two little children again. That pleased the old squaw very much; she tried to make me sensible of her thanks for my kindness to her two little children.

While Coons was gone for the bread, the Indian that claimed me asked me to write his name. I asked him to speak his name distinctly. He did. I had heard it spoken several times before. His name was "Mahtomack." When I was done writing he took it up and looked at it and said it was "Depaway." He then went to his trunk and brought his powder horn, which had his name wrote on it by an officer at Post Vincennes in large print letters, and compared them together. They both were the same kind of letters and his name spelt exactly the same. He seemed mightily pleased and said it was "bon very good." It was a big captain he said wrote his name on the powder-horn at Opost. The wife of the Indian that claimed me, next morning combed and queued my hair and gave me a very large ostrich feather and tied it to my hat.

The Sunday following after I was taken to that town, there was a number of Indians went from that town to the old Kickapoo trading town. They took me with them to dance what is called the "Beggar's Dance." It is a practice for the Indians every spring, when they come in from their hunting ground, to go to the trading towns and dance for presents; they will go through the streets and dance before all the traders' doors. The traders then will give them presents, such as tobacco, bread, knives, spirits, blankets, tomahawks, &c.

While we were in town that day I talked with my friend McCauslin to speak to the Indians and try to get them to sell me, but they would not agree to sell me then. They said they would come down the Sunday following and bring me with them, perhaps they would then agree to sell

me. They complied with their promise and brought me down with them. My friend McCauslin then inquired of them if they had agreed to sell me; they told him they would. McCauslin then sent for the interpreter, and the Indians asked one hundred buckskins for me in merchandise. The interpreter asked me if I would give it? I told him I would. The Indians then went to the traders' houses to receive their pay. They took but seventy bucks' worth of merchandise at that time. One of the articles they took was bread, three loaves, one for the Indian that claimed me, one for his wife, the other one for me. I saw directly they wanted me to go back home with them.

After a little while they started and motioned and told me I must go with them. I refused to go. The Indian fellow took hold of my arm and tried to pull me forward. I still refused going with them. He still continued pulling and his wife pushing me at the back. We went scuffling along a few yards till we got before my friend McCauslin's cabin door. He discovered the bustle and asked me what the Indians wanted. I told him they wanted me to go home with them. He asked me if I wanted to go. I told him no. He then told me to walk into his cabin and sit down and he would go and bring the interpreter. I went in and the two Indians followed me into the cabin and sat down. The interpreter came in immediately and asked the Indians what they wanted. They told him they wanted me to go home with them. The interpreter then asked if I wanted to go with them. I told him no.

He then told the Indians they had sold me and that they had nothing more to do with me, that I was a freeman, that I might stay where I pleased. They then said they had not received all their pay. The interpreter then asked them why they did not take it all? They said they expected I would go home with them and remain with them until I got an opportunity to go home. The interpreter then told them they could get the balance of their pay. They said if I did not go home with them they must have thirty bucks more. The interpreter asked me if I was willing to give it. I told him yes. I did not want to go back again. The Indians then went and took their thirty dollars of balance and thirty more and went off home. I then owed the traders that advanced the goods for me one hundred and thirty buckskins for my ransom, which they considered equal to \$260 in silver.

There were five traders that were concerned in the payment of the goods to the Indians. One of them was a Mr. Bazedone a Spaniard, who sometimes

traded in the Illinois country, with whom I had some acquaintance. I told him if he would satisfy the other four traders, I would give him my note, payable in the Illinois country. He did so, and I gave him my note for the \$260, to be paid twelve months after date in the Illinois country, and \$37 more for my boarding and necessities I could not do without, such as a bear skin and blanket to sleep on, a shirt, hat, tobacco and handkerchief.

My friend McCauslin took me to a Frenchman's house—he was a baker by trade, the only baker in town—to board with him until I got an opportunity to go home. Two days after I went to stay at the baker's, the Indian that claimed me, his squaw and the young squaw that followed us to the new town, came to see me and stayed three or four hours with me. He asked me to give him some tobacco. I told him I had no money. He thought I could get anything I wanted. I bought him a carrot of tobacco; it weighed about three pounds; he seemed very well pleased. He and his wife wanted me very much to go back home with them again. I told them I could not, that I was very anxious to go home to my wife and family. Three or four days after that they revisited me, and still insisted on me to go home with them. I told them that I expected every day to get an opportunity to go home.

I had some doubts about going back with them; I thought perhaps they might play some trick on me, and take me to some other town; and their water was so bad I could not drink it—nothing but a small pond to make use of for their drinking and cooking, about forty or fifty yards long and about thirty yards wide. Their horses would not only drink from, but wallow in it; the little Indian boys every day would swim in it, and the Indians soak their deerskins in it. I could not bear to drink it. When they would bring in a kettle of water to drink, they would set it down on the floor. The dogs would generally took the first drink out of the kettle. I have often seen when the dogs would be drinking out of a kettle, an Indian would go up and kick him off, and take up the kettle and drink after the dog. They had nothing to eat the last week I was with them but Indian potatoes—some people call them hoppines—that grew in the woods, and they were very scarce.

Sometimes the Indian boys would catch land terrapins. They would draw their heads out and tie a string around their neck and hang them up a few minutes, and then put them in a kettle of water with some corn—when they had it—without taking the entrails out or shell off the terrapin, and eat

the soup as well as the meat. We had all liked to have starved that week; we had no meat; I was glad to get away.

I staid three weeks with the French baker before I got an opportunity to start home. I had a plenty to eat while I remained with the baker—good light bread, bacon and sandy hill cranes, boiled in leyd corn, which made a very good soup. I paid him three dollars per week for my board.

There was a Mr. Pyatt a Frenchman, and his wife, whose residence was at St. Vincennes, with whom I had some acquaintance. They had moved up to that Kickapoo town in the fall of the year in order to trade with the Indians that winter. They were then ready to return home to Vincennes. Mr. Pyatt had purchased a drove of horses from the Indians. He had to go by land with his horses. Mrs. Pyatt hired a large perouge and four Frenchmen to take her property home to Vincennes. I got a passage in her perouge. She was very friendly to me; she did not charge me anything for my passage.

We arrived in Vincennes in forty-eight hours after we left the Kickapoo trading town, which is said to be two hundred and ten miles. The river was very high, and the four hands rowed day and night. We never put to land but twice to get a little wood to cook something to eat.

I staid five days at Vincennes before I got an opportunity of company to go on my way home. It was too dangerous for one man to travel alone by land without a gun. There was a Mr. Duff, who lived in the Illinois country, came to Vincennes to move a Mrs. Moredock and family to the Illinois. I got a passage with him by water. The morning I started from Vincennes he was just ready to start before I knew I could get a passage with him, and I had not time to write. I got a Mr. John Rice Jones, a friend of mine, to write to Col. Edgar, living in Kaskaskia, in the Illinois, who was a particular friend of mine, and sent it by the express, a Frenchman, that was going to start that day from Vincennes to Kaskaskia, which he could ride in four days, and request Col. Edgar to write to my wife, who lived at Bellfontain, about forty miles from Kaskaskia, and inform her that I was at Post Vincennes, on my return home with a Mr. Duff by water, and inform her that I would be at Kaskaskia on a certain day; I think it was two weeks from the time I left Vincennes, and for her to send me a horse on that day to Kaskaskia.

Col. Edgar wrote to her immediately, as soon as he received Mr. Jones' letter. That was the first time she heard from me after I was taken prisoner. I had written to her while I was at the Kickapoo town. That letter never reached her. I had two brothers living at the Bellfontain; they met me on the day I proposed being at Kaskaskia and brought me a horse. The next day I got home to the Bellfontain.

CHAPTER 8

The Kickapoo in the Fairbury Area

A literature review was performed to identify historical information about the Kickapoo in the Fairbury area. The results are shown below. These results are in chronological order, with the oldest information first.

1878 History Book

The earliest published reference to the Kickapoo in Livingston County and the Fairbury area is William Le Barons 1878 book titled *The History of Livingston County, Illinois*.

In this chapter, we will extract the portions of the 1878 book that refer to the Kickapoo in the Fairbury area. The extracted portion is shown below:

Indian History

When the white settlers first began to locate in the territory out of which Livingston County was formed, they found it in the possession of the Kickapoo and Pottawatomie Indians.

These tribes claimed the country by right of conquest, and their eventful history demands a far more extended notice than can be given to it in these pages. The final and decisive battle between the Kickapoos and the Pottawatomies on the one hand, and the Miamis on the other, finds no parallel in history, except it be the battle of "Chevy Chase" between the followers of Douglas and Percy. This "duel of the tribes," as it is called, will again be referred to.

The "Illini " were the first inhabitants of which history gives any authentic account. This name means "Superior men " and did not

apply to a tribe, but to a confederation of tribes, composed of the Peorias, Moinquienas, Kas-kas-kias, Tamaroos and Cahokias. In 1872, this powerful confederation had dwindled to forty souls, and these were living on a reservation southwest of the land assigned by the Government to the Quapaws.

Chicago was their great chief in the days of their glory. In 1700, this chief went to France, and was treated with distinguished honors. His son, of the same name, was also a powerful chief to the time of his death, in 1754.

Against this confederation, the Kickapoos, Pottawatomies and Miamis combined for a war of extermination. After a long and bloody struggle, the Illini made their last stand at Starved Rock, in La Salle County, in the year 1774. The Illini suffered a disastrous defeat, and left their enemies in undisputed possession of the territory. But when the victorious tribes came to divide the domain among themselves, fresh difficulty arose, and they again resorted to arms.

In this struggle, the Kickapoos and Pottawatomies combined their forces, and made common cause against the Miamis. The war which followed was not of long duration; but it was exceedingly bloody and fatal to the participants.

In the year 1774, less than twelve months from the time that they had conquered the Illini, it was agreed that the Miamis should select three hundred warriors, and the Kickapoos and Pottawatomies a like number, and that these six hundred men should meet in combat and decide the quarrel. The opposing forces met on the banks of Sugar Creek and fought from the rising to the setting of the sun, and at the close of the day there remained only- twelve men who were not killed or mortally wounded; and of these, five were Miamis and seven Kickapoos and Pottawatomies.

The ballad of "Chevy Chase." with which every student of history is

familiar, and which records the only parallel of this conflict to be found in history, tells us that..

"The fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun:
For when they rung the evening bell,
The battle scarce was done.

And the Lord Maxwell, in likewise,
Did with Earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three:
The rest were slain at Chevy Chase.
Under the greenwood tree."

But this people had no written language. and many of their deeds of noble daring will perish with them; hut it would require but little imagination to quote further from the records of Chevy Chase, and apply it to this conflict:

"Next day, did many widows come.
Their husbands to bewail :
They washed their wounds in briny tears.
But all could not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kissed them, dead, a thousand times
Ere they were clad in clay."

In this battle, the Kickapoos and Pottawatomies were declared the victors and the Miamis retired to the east side of the Wabash River, leaving them in possession of the territory.

The victorious tribes then divided the land between them, and the Indian trail passing near Oliver's Grove marked the dividing line.

East and southeast of this line belonged to the Kickapoos, and the remainder to the Pottawatomies.

Hon. Perry A. Armstrong, a gentleman of culture and natural talent. who resides at Morris, in Grundy County, has made the study of the history of these Indian tribes a specialty for the past twenty-five years: and it is to him that the writer is indebted for valuable dates in this connection.

Armstrong says, in speaking of the Indian trail referred to: " It was very distinct when I last saw it, in 1845; and when I first saw it, in 1831, it was, on an average, eight inches deep by fifteen inches wide." This trail was the dividing line between the two tribes up to the year 1835, when the Government moved them west of the Mississippi.

When the boundary line was established, the Pottawatomies retired to the vicinity of Fox River, while the Kickapoos established their headquarters on Salt Creek, near where the town of LeRoy now stands; and the vicinity was known to the first settlers by the name of Old Town Timber. The Pottawatomies would come up as far as Rook's Creek, on their hunting excursions, and they frequently camped on the Vermilion River, in the vicinity of the present residence of Emsley Pope, in Newtown; but the boundary line was respected, and the two tribes remained on friendly terms.

In the Spring of 1828, the Kickapoos removed their headquarters within the present bounds of Livingston County. They erected a council house and built a village on the east side of Indian Grove, and the tribe at that time numbered about 700 souls. They possessed all the ordinary characteristics of the typical American Indian, the copper complexion, black, straight hair, well-proportioned limbs and keen, black eyes.

The women were far more attractive in personal appearance than the generality of squaws, notwithstanding the fact that upon them

devolved all the drudgery of domestic life; and, while they remained at Indian Grove, the women cultivated the land, after a rude fashion, and raised corn, beans and potatoes, while the men devoted themselves to hunting and fishing, but the squaws were expected to dress all game after it was brought home.

In the Spring of 1830, they removed to Oliver's Grove, then known as Kickapoo Grove, where they erected a large and permanent council house, ninety-seven wigwams and several small encampments. It was here that an exact census of them was taken, and they numbered-- men, women and children--630 souls.

In the year of 1832, a pioneer Methodist preacher by the name of William Walker, who resided at Ottawa, Ill., visited them and established a mission. Father Walker was at the time an old man, and the journey was a long one for him to make; but, under his ministrations, several of the tribe were converted to Christianity, among the number being a young man whom Walker ordained, and who held regular service every Sabbath when Walker could not attend. They soon came to have great respect for the Sabbath, and, at whatever distance from home they might be hunting during the week, they always returned to camp on Saturday night, so as to be in attendance at church on Sunday morning.

Their prayer books consisted of walnut boards, on which were carved characters representing the ideas intended to be impressed upon the mind. At the top of the board was a picture of a wigwam.

These boards were quite uniform in size and appearance, and were held very sacred, and were protected with the utmost care; no Indian thought of retiring for the night without first consulting his board.

Each Sabbath they had a public dinner, of which the whole community partook. In the center of the ground in which their religious meetings were held, a fire was kindled, and over this the camp kettles were hung in a line. The men were grouped on one side

of this line and the women on the other; at one end gathered the children, and at the other end stood the preacher. Two men stood near the children to see that perfect order was preserved; and no congregation, even in the days of the Puritan fathers, was more decorous than were these newly Christianized Kickapoos. While the minister preached, the dinner cooked; and when the religious services were over, the kettles were removed from the fire, and the dinner was served out into wooden bowls and trenchers, with ladles and spoons of the same material. The dinner generally consisted of venison, coon, opossum, turtle, fish, or any other animal food they could obtain, together with corn, beans and potatoes, all boiled together.

Hon. Woodford G. McDowell, on whom we have largely drawn for information, says that a dinner of this kind generally left a quantity of soup "which was highly flavored and quite nutritious." It is natural to suppose that such would be the case.

The Kickapoos remained at this point until September, 1832, when they were removed by the Government to their lands west of the city of St. Louis.

Shabbona, the friend of the whites, with whom many of the earliest settlers were acquainted, was neither a Kickapoo nor a Pottawatomie, but an Ottawa Indian. After the death of Pontiac, after whom the county seat of Livingston County is named, the Ottawa tribe became merged into the Pottawatomies; but many individual members of the tribe clung to the old name, and cherished with pride the history of their descent from this superior stock. Of this number was Shabbona, who was very sensitive on the question of his origin. If he was called a Pottawatomie, says Armstrong, he would immediately and invariably reply: "Me Ottawa Indian; me no Pottawatomie."

The history of the great chief Pontiac is interwoven with the history of the nation; yet it has remained for Hon. Perry .A. Armstrong, of Morris, to give to the world a reliable account of his last days.

The last event recorded in his career, in the commonly received history, is his attack on Capt. Dalzell, who, at the head of three hundred men, was marching to the relief of Detroit, about the last of July, 1763. Says the national historian: Subsequent to this period, we have no reliable history of the Great Sachem of the Ottawa's." Armstrong says: "He was a great brave, who had enemies and rivals. who finally caused him to be assassinated. He was invited to a war dance on a dark night, solely for this purpose. He was warned to stay away, or if he attended to take with him a strong force of braves; but aspiring to be the leader of all, he knew that if he showed fear on this occasion he would be forever disgraced; he started alone, and was waylaid and murdered before he reached his destination." This event occurred is 1772, near where East St. Louis stands.

EARLY SETTLEMENT AND INCIDENTS.

V.M. Darnall and Frederick Rook were the first white men to locate in the territory now embraced in Livingston County. Darnall erected his cabin in the southern part of the timber known as Indian Grove, in the Fall of 1829, soon after the Kickapoo Indians had exchanged this locality for Oliver's Grove.

At or about the time that Darnall made his settlement at Indian Grove. Frederick Rook located five miles west of Pontiac, on the creek which still bears his name; and, soon after, Isaac Jordan selected his location. Rook removed to Missouri at an early day, and the exact date of his settlement here cannot be obtained. These three men, with their families, were the only white persons, in this locality, who saw the " great snow " which fell in the Winter of 1830-31. This fall of snow was phenomenal, and its like probably, had never occurred before, and certainly has not since within the limits

of the State. In a dead calm, it fell to the depth of four feet. This was followed by a drizzling rain, which soon turned to sleet. Then the weather became intensely cold, and the whole face of the country was covered with a sheet of ice, overlying a field of snow that was four feet deep on the level.

This storm was very destructive to game of all kinds, and it was several years before it again became abundant. Deer, by the hundred, starved to death, and birds, such as grouse and quail, perished in great numbers. Squire L. Payne, of Eppard's Point, who at that time resided near Danville, informs the writer that deer, showing no signs of fear, would stand and eat the branches from a fallen tree while the woodman was chopping and splitting the body of the same. He further says that, after the snow had continued for some time, the deer were not molested, as they were so emaciated as to be unfit for food, and were only occasionally killed for their skins.

At this period, the Kickapoo Indians had a village at Oliver's Grove, and they, as well as the few white settlers, suffered severely from the intense cold and scarcity of food. During the continuance of the snow, they used their large council house as a common kitchen for all. Their camp kettles were kept constantly boiling, and into them were thrown such animal food as they could procure. A starved deer was a welcome addition to their larder, and, when other supplies failed, a pony was sacrificed, and horse soup dished out.

Frederick Rook and Isaac Jordan found their stock of provisions failing and they conceived the idea of manufacturing snow-shoes from boards and going to Mackinaw for supplies, for it was impossible for them to travel with a horse. They accomplished the journey on their snow-shoes, and when they reached that, to them, Egyptian storehouse, they were so fortunate as to receive, each, a bushel and a half of corn. They placed this on hand-sleds and drew it home, arriving there on the evening of the fourth day. This corn they

pounded into meal, and, by careful husbanding, made it last them till further supplies could be obtained.

When the snow began to fall, Major Darnall was over on the Mackinaw, his wife and four small children being at home in Indian Grove, with a scanty supply of provisions. He waited during the night for the storm to abate; but, at the early dawn, he mounted his horse, which 'was an excellent one, and taking the half of a deer before him, without guide or compass, he started across the trackless snow-field for his distant home. It was a perilous undertaking and at times, it seemed useless to try to proceed, as the horse would sink to his saddle girths in the snow; but horse and rider persevered, and, just as the sun was setting, he espied the smoke curling from the chimney of his little cabin, which was half buried in the snow.

Imagination can paint the blissful meeting of husband and wife on this occasion; and there have been few happier family meetings than the one gathered there around Major Darnall's hearthstone on that memorable evening.

Major Darnall still resides in the vicinity of Fairbury, possessed of a competence, honored and respected; and it is worth something to hear him recount the history of the early days of Livingston County.

During the year 1830, Andrew McMillan and Garret Blue located on Rook's Creek, and their descendants are numerous. Blues name and those of his sons frequently appear in the political annals of the county.

Jacob Moon came to Moon's Point in the same year, and his progeny are among the most wealthy and respected in the county.

On the 5th day of May, 1832, William McDowell, from Sciota County, Ohio, with his five sons, John, Hiram, Woodford G., Joseph and James, and his two daughters, Betty and Hannah, settled in what is now Avoca Township, on the Little Vermilion. Their nearest

white neighbor on the south was one Philip Cook: but they could call around on Frederick Rook.. Isaac Jordan or William Popejoy, almost any time, by going a distance of from five to fifteen miles.

The elder McDowell displayed excellent judgment in selecting this location, for after forty-five years continual farming, the soil is still rich and productive.

The McDowell's at once proceeded to erect their cabin. The principal tool used in its construction was an axe. They brought with them a few panes of glass for a window, and, in this particular, they had the advantage of their neighbors. The boards which furnished the material for the door and window casing of this primitive dwelling, were purchased of the Kickapoo Indians, and were brought from Oliver's Grove with an ox team. The Indians had hewn them out for some purpose of their own, but 'were induced to part with them for a small supply of ammunition.

The Black Hawk war was then in active operation, and this settlement was within a short march of the headquarters of this terrible chief. This same year, Wm. Popejoy, John Hanneman and Franklin Oliver located, and soon took an active part In the affairs of the settlement. Black Hawk maintained his position, and the situation of the settlers became alarming, as it was not known what attitude the Kickapoo Indians (numbering 630) at Oliver's Grove, would assume ; and, on the 20th of May, they were waited upon by a deputation of whites for the purpose of ascertaining their intentions.

At this meeting, the venerable Franklin Oliver presided. On their return from the council, the members of the deputation stopped at the McDowell cabin and took dinner, and they advised the settlers either to abandon their homes or proceed to erect fortifications. The latter scheme was impracticable, for the reason that there were but two rifles in the whole settlement, and very little ammunition. On the 27th of May, all the white men in the settlement held a council,

and it was then and there decided that the best thing that could be done, under the circumstances, was to retire to the white settlements in Indiana; and, on the evening of the 28th, the entire white population camped in and around the McDowell cabin, preparatory to a march the next morning.

This company consisted of the McDowell family, and William Popejoy, Abner Johnson, Uriah Blue, Isaac Jordan and John Hanneman, and their families- thirty-one souls in all. In speaking of this party, Hon. Woodford G. McDowell, who was one of the number, says: " I feel sure, if the entire outfit had been required to raise twenty-five dollars among them, or be scalped by the Indians, they would have been compelled to throw up the sponge-they could not have raised the money."

On the morning of the 29th of May, the whole company of seven families, in six wagons, took up the line of march and left the embryo county in possession of the Indians. Darnall must have retreated some time previous, as his name is not mentioned in this exodus; and as far as Oliver is concerned, he came and went among the Indians at his own pleasure, and without fear of molestation. He thoroughly understood their character, and was accounted a favorite among them; and, in fact, an Indian chief was called after his name.

During the march to Indiana, several interesting incidents transpired. The more timid were in hourly anticipation of an attack from Black Hawk, and could scarcely be persuaded to regulate their pace with the ox teams which drew the women and children. On the second day of their march, the wife of Isaac Jordan presented him with an infant daughter; and James McDowell, then a young man of 17 years, together with another youth, walked to a grove of timber four miles distant to procure wood enough to build a camp fire. On their return, they found the camp in great commotion. A couple of Indians had been seen on a ridge overlooking the camp, and then to disappear in the tall grass. Women and children were crying, and even some of the men were badly frightened, and counseled an

immediate flight, as they supposed the Indians they had seen were scouts sent out by Black Hawk. Others were less excited, and proceeded to light the camp fire and prepare their supper, the elder McDowell remarking, as he held his frying-pan over the fire, that "he did not propose to be scalped on an empty stomach." It was soon ascertained, however, that the Indians were two friendly Kickapoos, who had come to bid their white friends farewell; but the incident proved the different material of which the company was composed, and had not a little to do with the estimate in which they subsequently held each other's character.

The next day, the mother and child were left at the house of Philip Cook, before mentioned, as this was considered sufficiently remote from the seat of war to be safe; and the remainder of the party pushed on to Indiana. A. B. Phillips and James Spence, with their families, had taken refuge within a fortification on the Mackinaw. But, in the fall of the same year, nearly all of the persons mentioned in the exodus returned to their claims.

We have seen how near the daughter of Isaac Jordan came to being born in the limits of the county, but the first white child actually born within the borders of Livingston, was a son of A.B. Phillips. He grew to manhood, and when the hour of his country's peril came, he was one of the first to answer her call, and he gave his life to maintain her honor. Thus the county literally gave "her first born for a sacrifice." All honor to such men.

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

The second birth in the county was J.W. Darnall, now 47 years old, and a worthy and respected citizen. When the settlers returned from Indiana, with them came Nathan Popejoy, and located a few miles east of Pontiac. At this period, Judge McDowell informs us that

there were but two young ladies within a distance of fifty miles up and down the Vermilion, but this condition of things did not long last, for the year 1833 saw a considerable influx of new families. In this year, Dr. John Davis settled near the present residence of Philip Rollins. He was the first physician in the county, and had the medical practice, without a rival, for some time.

About the same time came Daniel Rockwood and the Weeds, Henry, E. F. and James, also John Recob, John Johnson, the Murry family, Squire Hayes, John Chew, Daniel Barackman, John Downey, Joseph Reynolds and his brothers. The Government had just removed the last Kickapoo west of the Mississippi, and Franklin Oliver, this year, permanently located at Kickapoo Grove, which, since that late, has borne his name. The Indian trouble was now forever settled, so far as this county was concerned, the hardest trials were past and a brighter day was dawning; but the old settler never grows weary of talking about this period, and of recounting his trials and exploits.

Among the number whose recollection is perfectly unimpaired, is John Johnson, of Rook's Creek. He was born in Ontario County, New York, and came to Shawneetown, in this State as early as 1821. There were only some fifty white persons in the county when Johnson settled here, and he knew them all. He calculates that he and his sons have killed over a thousand deer within the limits of the county. In the Fall hunt of 1834, they killed seventy-five and took the skins and hams to Ottawa, and received for them the sum of sixty dollars-a large amount of money in those days.

Franklin Oliver, although in his ninety-second year, still retains his faculties in a wonderful degree, and is a walking encyclopedia of facts pertaining to the early settlement; also Emsley Pope (whose history will receive further mention), together with James and Woodford G. McDowell and Major Darnall are still with us, their minds and memories unimpaired. Frederick Rook, the old pioneer, after whom Rook's Creek Township is named, is described by James McDowell, as a well-made, fat-faced, easy natured and

accommodating German, and not at all such a character as has been described in later days. He had a wife and family, and, at the date of his departure, his eldest daughter, Mary, was seventeen years old. He frequently deplored the lack of facilities for giving his children an education, and it is stated that this was the cause of his removing from the county at an early day. He was a capital shot, a generous provider for his family, and altogether a worthy man; and the aspersions cast upon his character are without any foundation in fact, and may be considered as false.

The nearest post office at this time was: at Bloomington; but as James McDowell says, they did not take a daily paper or write many love letters in those days; they managed to live with a post office even at that distance. They took their grain fifty miles, with an ox team, to a mill owned and run by John Green, on the other side of Ottawa; and, after hauling it that distance, they frequently had to wait a day or two for their turn, and it never happened that a man went to mill, called round by the post office and returned home on the same day.

Among some of the earliest settlers were Truman Rutherford, John Foster, James Holman, William K. Brown, Judge Breckenridge, Amos Edwards and Andrew McDowell, of Long Point; Walter Cornell, Andrew Sprague, Joel B. Anderson, H. Steers, Isaac Burgit, John Darnall, John Travis, J. W. Reynolds, Charles Jones, Philip Rollins, John Marks, James Demoss, Benjamin Hieronymus and the Garner brothers.

Avoca Township

This township is situated in the southern part of the county, or south of the ridge of the center, and is bounded on the north by Owego, on the east by Pleasant Ridge, on the south by Indian Grove and on the west Eppard's Point Township. About three-fourths is prairie to one-fourth of timber land, while the surface is gently undulating and better adapted to agricultural pursuits than many other portions of

the county. It is drained by the Vermilion River; the confluence of the north and south branches is near the center of the township, and their margins and bottoms afford an abundance of excellent timber for all farm and building purposes. Avoca is known as Township 27 north, Range 6 East and of the Third Principal Meridian.

The first settlement was made in Avoca Township in 1830. In December of that year, Isaac Jordan made a claim here, upon which he settled, but a few days before the commencement of the deep snow. He came from Brown County, Illinois, but whether that was his native place or not we were unable to learn. His wife was the first white woman in this township. William Popejoy, John Hannaman and their families settled in this neighborhood on Christmas Day of the same year, and but a week or two after Jourdan. These latter were from Ohio, and became permanent citizens. This constituted the settlements in this section up to 1832, when William McDowell came to the county and made a claim upon which the settled in May, which was the spring of the Black Hawk war.

He left his old home in Ohio in 1828, and stopped at Fayette, Ind., on account of school facilities, as Illinois (or this portion of it) was then beyond the confines of civilization. He remained there four years, when he came to Livingston County and settled in what is now Avoca Township, as noted above, in the spring of the Black hawk war. His family consisted of five sons - John, Woodford G., James, Hiram and Joseph B. McDowell, and one daughter, who married a Mr. Tucker. They, together with John McDowell, still live in Avoca; Woodford G. and James live in Fairbury, Hiram is in Kansas and Joseph is Register of the Land Office at Lincoln, Nebraska.

Soon after the settlement of the McDowell's, vague rumors began to circulate throughout the sparsely settled community in regard to the Black Hawk war, which was raging north of their settlement. But

there was no mail nearer than Bloomington, no railroad or telegraph lines, and new facilities were restricted within the narrowest limits.

In illustration of the disadvantages under which they lived regarding the reception of news, several weeks after the McDowell's had settled in their new home, a man named Phillips, living but a mile or two distant, in what is now Indian Grove Township, was out hunting some hogs that had strayed away from him, when he came suddenly upon the McDowell encampment, and the astonishment he displayed in having neighbors of whose proximity he was ignorant was almost equal to that exhibited by Robinson Crusoe when he discovered the footprints on his lonely island.

Rumors becoming more rife of the Indians and Indian outrages, Mr. McDowell and some of his neighbors went to the Kickapoo town, on Sunday, to church, [a missionary had established a church in the Indian town] where there were several hundred Indians, and their suspicions were aroused at the absence of all warriors from the Indian camp. The Kickapoos informed them that the Sacs had threatened to come and kill them if they did not join them in the war, and advised the whites, with whom they were on the most friendly terms, to return to the settlements further east. This so alarmed the little colony that, after considering the matter, they decided to return to the Wabash, and on the 29th of May 1832, they commenced their retreat toward the rising sun.

Though this retreat never became so famed in history as that of Bonaparte from Moscow, yet an event occurred upon the route worthy of record in these pages. The first night after their departure, Mrs. Jourdan, who was in a delicate condition, was taken sick, and notwithstanding their haste and fright, the party agreed to stop a day or two on her account. But the next morning, their alarm was much heightened by discovering a couple of Indians who rode up and took a survey of their camp from a distant elevation. Believing that an attack would be made, and notwithstanding their arms consisted of but two old fowling pieces, they nobly resolved to stand by

the Jourdans. Mrs. Jourdan, however, with a courage and resolution worthy of a Spartan mother, who had a large "old Pennsylvania wagon-bed" surrendered it to the ladies, and they converted it into a kind of hospital for Mrs. Jourdan, and all through the long day that heroic woman bore her suffering and pain without a murmur. The next morning, and the second after starting for the east, she was delivered of a daughter, who grew up and made a most estimable lady. Without further incident worthy of note, they arrived at the Indiana settlement in safety.

In the fall of 1832, after the storms of war had passed by, and the sun of Black Hawk had forever set on the plains of Illinois, the little colony returned to their claims on the Vermilion River, where they made permanent settlements. The mode of making a claim in those days was by "blazing" it out in the timber or staking it off on the prairie. The land was not surveyed until 1833, and every man squatted where it suited his inclination, providing no one else had preceded him.

Of these few early pioneers, who came here before the Black Hawk war and who sought safety in flight, we would say, before passing to other and subsequent scenes, that Jourdan remained in the settlement for several years, then sold out his claim and returned to the southern part of the state, from whence he came. Popejoy and Hannaman both died in the neighborhood, the latter soon after his return in the fall of 1832, and was the first death in the new settlement. Mr. McDowell, the old patriarch of all the McDowell's, died there in 1834. His widow remained on the homestead; filled the place of both father and mother toward her children, and died in 1858 at an advanced age.

Indian Grove Township

Indian Grove takes its name from the Indian settlement or camp once in the fine forest along Indian Creek, which receives its name from the same cause. Previous to the Indians locating at Kickapoo

Town, they had their wigwams or lodges in the timber, now in Indian Grove Township. They had left the place before the settlement of the county by the whites, or at least before there were settlements made in this immediate neighborhood.

A large number of Indians were living at the Kickapoo town, not far distant; but we have no account of their ever molesting their pale-face neighbors, though Black Hawk made every effort to stir them up to mischief, and some of the settlers, in another part of the grove, took fright during the excitements of the Black Hawk war, and fled to the frontier settlements; but those who remained were left undisturbed.

Soon after the close of this war, the Indians were removed to reservations and hunting-grounds beyond the "Great Father of Waters" and our settlements here were no more disturbed by their war-whoop.

SAUNEMIN TOWNSHIP.

At the time of the formation of Livingston County, Saunemin, Sullivan, Pleasant Ridge and Charlotte Townships were comprised in one election precinct, and it so stood until the second year after township organization, when Pleasant Ridge and Charlotte were struck off, as noted in another place.

When all four of these towns were embraced in one, it was called Saunemin, after the old sachem of the Kickapoo Indians, and was given to the precinct by Oliver, of the present township of Chatsworth, who settled there when Indians were plenty in the country, and knew the old chief well.

1888 History Book

The 1888 history book titled *Portrait and Biographical Album of Livingston County* by Chapman Brothers has one reference to the Native Americans living in the Fairbury area:

BENJAMIN HIERONYMUS. No man in the community where he so long resided made a brighter record or was more highly esteemed than Mr. Hieronymus, of whom we give the following sketch: He was a native of Kentucky, and was born on the 13th of January, 1818, his parents being William and Elvira (Darnell) Hieronymus. both natives of Virginia. The great-grandfather of William came from Germany in the year 1765, and settled near the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia, and in 1804 moved to Kentucky, where he died in 1831.

The genealogy of this family has been traced back many centuries, and it is found that the tree began in Germany in the year 330, the first of the stock being a minister who died in the year 420, at the age of ninety years. His name was Sophronius Eusebius Hieronymus.

Benjamin came from this ancient family, and possessed many of the characteristics of his ancestors. He came to Logan County in 1828 with his parents, and endured all the privations and hardships of the settlers of those days. In 1839 he came to Livingston County and purchased land, where he became one of the leading farmers of the county. He augmented his estate until his farm consisted of 600 acres of most excellent land. He was an enterprising man, and devoted his energies largely to stock-growing, making a specialty of fine colts.

He was a consistent member of the Christian Church for many years. He was a strict, honest, and conscientious man, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. His death occurred on the

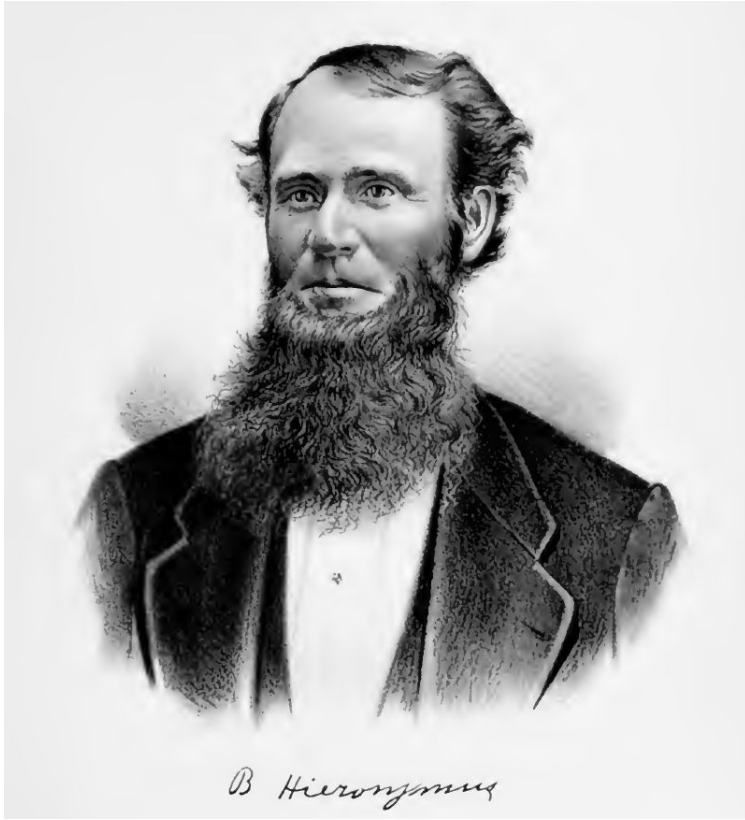
31st of December, 1885, and his loss to the community was keenly felt and duly mourned.

The portrait of this esteemed gentleman, which we present in this connection, will be highly appreciated by his friends and neighbors. He was well known throughout the southern portion of the county, and doubtless had as many friends as any man within its borders.

Let us now refer to the estimable wife of our subject, who was married on the 19th of September, 1839, in Livingston County. At the time her parents settled in Indian Grove two tribes of Indians, the Pottawatomies and Kickapoos, numbering 400 souls, occupied that territory, and the name of their chief was Shabbona. Mrs. H. was twelve years of age when her parents came among these tribes of Indians and took possession of land on which to make their future home.

She was born in 1822 in Boone County, Ky., and is the daughter of Valentine M. and Rachel (Steers) Darnell, natives respectively of Virginia and Ohio. He came to Livingston County in 1830, and located in Indian Grove. At that time there were scarcely any settlements whatever of whites, the Indians being not yet wholly dispossessed of their lands by acts of Congress.

Mrs. Hieronymus is the mother of eight children, three of whom are living—"William, Jasper and Elizabeth. Jasper married Miss Alvira Travis, and Elizabeth married Charles Westervelt, of Fairbury. Three died in infancy, and Martin and Emeline after reaching mature years. Mrs. Alvira M. Hieronymus lives; on the home place, located on section 4, Belle Prairie Township, and is surrounded with all the comforts of a rural home; she has been for many years a consistent member of the Christian Church, and is a most exemplary lady possessing rare and lovable traits of both heart and mind, and was a worthy companion of the noble husband who so long and faithfully walked by her side.



1909 History Book

The 1909 history book titled *Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois and History of Livingston County* by Bateman and Selby also has references to the Native Americans in the Fairbury area;

Some Indian History

When Martin Darnall first settled with his family in this county in the fall of 1830, there was a band of Kickapoo Indians located near Selma, in McLean County. During the previous year, the tribe came over into Livingston County, and pitched their tents in what is now

known as Oliver's Grove, south of Chatsworth. They numbered 630 men, women and children. Their Intercourse with the earlier settlers was friendly, and there is no account of any white man having been killed by them within the limits of the county. The Indians raised some corn, beans, potatoes and tobacco, but the area under cultivation was small, as the crop was grown in patches here and there. They were great traders, and ready to swap at any time, and quick to see when they obtained the best of a bargain. During the winter of the deep snow (1830), they, as well as the few settlers, suffered severely from the intense cold and scarcity of food. Their council house was a large one, In which they always assembled when they had any business of a public nature to transact. During the continuance of the storm, they did all of their cooking in this house.

Father Jesse Walker, a pioneer Methodist minister, then located at Ottawa, established a mission among these Indians. He came out occasionally and held meetings with them, making the trip on horseback, and appointed and ordained a missionary minister of their own tribe, who always held religious services on the Sabbath when Father Walker was not there. They used some kind of characters—cut or printed—on a small board, as a prayer book. Every one of them had this same kind of a "book," and they held it almost as sacred as they did their own lives, always using it before retiring to bed at night. It was their universal custom to return from their hunting grounds on Saturday evening of each and every week, and to be In attendance at church on Sabbath morning.

Their usual custom on the Sabbath was to prepare for a public dinner in the morning, which, by the way, was always a boiled dinner. This was placed In their camp, kettles, hung in a long row through the center of the grounds where their meetings were held. Fires were built under them, which kept the kettles boiling while the Indians held their service. During the hours of service, the Indian men were seated on one side of the dinner kettles, the women, or squaws, on the other, the children at one end, and the minister stood

at the other end. Thus the congregation was arranged while the minister was performing his duty. During all this time, there were two of the Indian men who stood near the children, to see that perfect order was kept. After the services were all over, the dinner kettles were set off. and all partook of the dinner thus prepared. It was served out in wooden bowls and trenchers, with ladles, spoons, etc., of the same material.

The dinner generally consisted of venison, 'coon, opossum, turtle, fish, or any kind of meat they had, and corn, beans and potatoes, all cooked together in the same kettles and at the same time, generally leaving a quantity of soup.

On the breaking out of the Black Hawk war in 1832, Livingston County was a border county In this part of the State. There was great fear of Indian raids. It was known that Black Hawk's emissaries had solicited the Kickapoos to join him In the attacks on the whites. On May 24th they were waited upon by a deputation of whites, several being present from McLean County, for the purpose of ascertaining their intentions.

Those present at the meeting from this county were Martin Darnall and the McDowells, William Popejoy, Abner Johnson, Uriah Blue, Isaac Jordon and John Hanneman. At this meeting Franklin Oliver, after whom the grove was named, presided. The Indians treated the whites with great courtesy and made a feast for them.

The leading chiefs told them they had been importuned to join Black Hawk, but had declined; but that some of the young warriors wanted to go on the warpath, while the older chiefs were endeavoring to hold them back.

In the evening, the visitors witnessed some strange religious ceremonies by the Indians who had been converted to Christianity. "All were seated on the ground, except the leader, and they sang and exhorted for a long time. At last the leader took his seat and then

occurred a singular ceremony. An Indian stepped forward and asked to be whipped for his sins he had committed during the week, and he drew his garment over his head, exposing his bare back. Fourteen stripes were given him by these Indians, with smooth hickory rods about three feet long. The stripes were received without a movement to indicate pain. This example was followed by fifty others, who received fourteen to twenty-eight stripes laid on with such force that any one of them left a mark. The stripes were administered by three Indians. When fourteen stripes were called for the first Indian gave seven, the second four, and the last, three. When twenty-eight stripes were called for, the first Indian gave fourteen, the second seven, and the last, seven.

When each applicant for stripes had been whipped, he turned around and shook hands with the men who bore the rods. The Interpreter told the whites who were looking on that these stripes were given because of disobedience to the commands of the Great Spirit during the week."

The whites, however, distrusted their pacific intentions. On their return home from the council, the members of the deputation stopped at the McDowell cabin in Avoca, which had been erected but a few weeks previous, and took dinner, and they advised the settlers either to abandon their homes or erect fortifications. There were but two rifles and little or no ammunition in the whole settlement, and this scheme was impracticable.

The following day, all the men of the settlement held a council and it was decided that they return to Indiana, from which they had emigrated. On the following morning (May 26th) some volunteered to go to the timber for wood. When the teams and volunteers returned, within about half a mile of the camping ground, two Indians appeared on the ridge. Some of those at the camp were so badly scared at the appearance of the Indians, thinking perhaps they (the Indians at the village) were gathering for an attack on the whites, that they were leaving without giving time for the wood

party to come up—some, however, declared their determination to have their breakfast, Indians or no Indians.

The party was too small for fight, although they had been traveling without their wives and little ones, that they would not have been disposed to run on such a scare. But the feelings of our frontier men were as strong, if not stronger, for the protection of the feebler portion of their families, than nowadays. They, however, waited for the wooding party to come up, and although the camp was still in commotion and many fears expressed for the safety of the party, they concluded to get and eat their breakfast. It was soon ascertained, however, that the two Indians were friendly Kickapoos, who had come to bid their white friends farewell.

On the evening of May 28th, the entire population around Avoca camped in and around the McDowell cabin, preparatory to the march the following morning. In the party were the families of Hiram McDowell, Abner Johnson. Uriah Blue, Nathan Popejoy, Isaac Jordon and John Hanneman, and their families—some thirty in all. The following morning, the whole company, consisting of seven families in six wagons, and pulled by ox-teams, left for Indiana. On the second day of their march, a daughter was born to the wife of Isaac Jordon. The next day the mother and child were left at the home of Philip Cook, of Cook's Grove, and the remainder of the party pushed on to their native state.

Martin Darnall, A.B. Phillips and James Spence found it necessary to remove with their families to Mackinaw for safety. They remained there until peace was declared. Mrs. Darnall's father had had some experience with the Indians in Kentucky. He was captured by Indians, and was held in captivity for seven years, during which time he suffered almost untold hardships.

Upon three separate occasions he was compelled to run the gauntlet, and upon occasion was blackened and condemned to be burned at the stake, but while pinioned, a few moments before the fire should

have been lighted, there stepped forward a man who offered a price for his life, and he was released from the stake.

The McDowells and the Avoca contingent returned some time in November. Franklin Oliver did not leave, but went among the Indians whenever he pleased and without fear of molestation. It is said of Mr. Oliver that at the Kickapoo village there was a squaw who had a bright little pappoose which she called Joe. Taking an interest in the little chap, Mr. Oliver requested her permission to give him another name. She consented, and handed him a piece of buckskin, on which he wrote "Joe Oliver." In February, 1869, the celebrated chief was one of an Indian delegation which met in Washington.

In September, 1832, the Kickapoos were removed by the government west of St Louis, on lands reserved for them by the government.

Naming of the Townships

INDIAN GROVE.—Was named by Francis J. Moore. The township was first called Worth. Six months later it was changed to Indian Grove.

SAUNEMIN.—Given its name by Franklin Oliver, after the old sachem of the Kickapoo Indians. Oliver settled among the Indians in the spring of 1832, and knew the chief well.

CHATSWORTH TOWNSHIP.

At the time of township organization this township was named Oliver's Grove, In honor of Franklin C. Oliver, the first settler, and embraced the town of Forrest and the fractional town of Germanville. In 1860, upon a petition to the board of supervisors, the name was changed to Chatsworth by William H. Jones, who was a member of the board. In 1861, the board of supervisors set off Forrest, and it became a separate and distinct township, and at the

September meeting of supervisors in 1867 Germanville petitioned for separation and was set off as a distinct town.

The only natural timber in Chatsworth Township is Oliver's Grove, in the southern part. The south half of the township was quite wet, many large ponds and sloughs being located there. It has only been in recent years that these have been drained by means of a large dredge ditch, which was constructed by the land owners at no small cost.

The old Indian trail in the south part of the township, that marked the dividing line between the Kickapoo and Pottawattamie tribes, was plainly visible for years after settlement was made, but it has long since been obliterated.

Politically, the township is Democratic. Two railroads run through the township, the Toledo, Peoria and Western, running east and west, and the Illinois Central, running north and south.

The first person to locate here permanently was Franklin Oliver, who came with his family in the spring of 1832, from Bordentown, New Jersey, and settled in the stretch of timber which still bears his name. At that time a tribe of Kickapoo Indians was located in the grove. During the Black Hawk War, the Kickapoos took no part, and Mr. Oliver and his family remained in the settlement. (See Indian History).

By profession Mr. Oliver was a civil engineer and surveyor, and followed that occupation at the breaking out of the War of 1812. He enlisted in the service as soon as war was proclaimed, and served through it with distinction. He was one of the first county surveyors of this county, and selected and surveyed all the swamp land in the county. His home was on the line of the Danville and Ottawa mail route, and many of the travelers who went to the land office at Danville took their meals and remained over night in this log cabin. He became the owner of 4,000 acres of choice lands in this and

adjoining counties, but never actually engaged in farming. In his later days he was more or less engaged in lawsuits, and a major portion of his estate was spent in litigation.

He was married three times, his last wife being Miss Amaretta Smith, whose father settled at an early day on what is now known as Smith's Mound, in Sunbury Township. Ann Oliver, a sister of Franklin Oliver, was one of the first teachers in Owego Township. She was buried at Pontiac, where she distinguished herself during the cholera epidemic of 1848 by taking care of the afflicted ones, who all recovered, but she herself was taken with the dread disease and her life was thus offered a sacrifice to others.

Franklin Oliver died September 19, 1881, aged 95 years, 5 months and 11 days. So far as we have been able to ascertain, Mr. Oliver and his family were the only settlers in this locality for over twenty years. The nearest settlement was in Indian Grove and Belle Prairie townships, twelve miles toward the west.

In 1855, Addison Holmes and Romanzo Miller made their appearance. Holmes was from Indiana. He remained for several years and then removed to Champaign County, this state. Miller was from Vermont. He later removed to Iowa. The settlement was increased in 1856 by the arrival of John P. Hart, David Stewart and John Snyder. Hart was from Vermont and Stewart and Snyder from New York.

Job H. Megquier, George S. Megqueler, Truman Brockway and William H. Jones came in 1857. The following year Brockway built the first house, a two-story frame building. In the village of Chatsworth, of which he and Charles Brooks used the lower floor for a general store—the first store in the village—the second story being used as a residence.

Indian Grove Township

This township was among the first to be settled in this county. It is bounded on the north by Avoca, on the east by Forrest, on the south by Belle Prairie, and on the west by McLean County.

It is about one-fourth timber to three-fourths prairie, and is drained by Indian Creek, which flows through it from the southwest to northeast, and empties into the Vermilion river, two miles northeast of Fairbury.

When the county adopted township organization in 1857, in the process of naming this township was called Worth, but discovering that there was a Worth Township In the adjoining county of Woodford, Francis J. Moore, one of the earlier settlers of this township, suggested Indian Grove, which was adopted.

It takes its name from the Indian settlement or camp once in the forest along Indian creek, which receives its name from the same source. In 1828 previous to the Indians locating at Oliver's Grove, they had their wigwams or lodges In the timber, on what is now the farm of H. B. Taylor, located three miles southwest of Fairbury.

Until 1857, Indian Grove, as an election precinct, embraced that portion of the county lying east of the mouth of the Vermilion river—or more properly speaking, east of the old village of Avoca, In Avoca Township. The first white man to make a permanent settlement in this township was Joseph Moore. Like the earlier settlers of Belle Prairie Township, he also hailed from Overton County, Tennessee. He arrived in the fall of 1831. Mr. Moore made the journey on horseback, or rather his wife came on horseback and carried their only child, a boy. In her lap, while he trudged along on foot He staked out a claim In the timber, erected a cabin and lived there until his death in October, 1851.

A. B. Phillips and family settled here the following spring. He was an old neighbor of the Moore family in Tennessee, and located near them. A few years later, while hunting some hogs that had strayed from his place he came unexpectedly on the colony in Avoca Township, and was surprised on finding white people, he thinking that the only settlement was in Belle Prairie Township, a short distance south of him. In those days, he was dressed in backwoods attire, and at times it was hard to tell whether he was a white man or an Indian. His son, John B. Phillips, was the first white child born in this county.

SAUNEMIN TOWNSHIP.

At the time of the formation of the county in 1857, Saunemin, Sullivan, Pleasant Ridge and Charlotte Townships were comprised in one election precinct, and so it stood until 1859, when Pleasant Ridge and Charlotte were struck off. When all four of these towns were embraced in one, it was called Saunemin, after the old sachem of the Kickapoo Indians, and was given the precinct by Franklin Oliver, of the present township of Chatsworth, who settled among the Indians in 1832 and knew the chief well. The present township of Saunemin is about seven-eighths prairie to one-eighth timber; the latter is embraced in Five Mile grove, lying along the borders of Five Mile creek. A branch of the Vermilion river divides the townships of Saunemin and Pleasant Ridge.

BLACKMORE, Henry.—At the time of the settlement of the Blackmore family in Illinois in 1838, this region was as yet sparsely settled by white men, but Indians were still numerous and evinced, with few exceptions, a savage hatred toward the supplanting race. The little four year-old boy, Henry, coming from his New York home to the wilderness, was filled with a dread of the blanket-clad savages, whose feats, after partaking of whisky in excess, were often enough to make the stoutest hearts quail.

Yet among these Indians there was one who ever displayed a kindly spirit toward the whites, and this was Shabbona, chief of the Pottawatomies, who though less conspicuous than Tecumseh or Black Hawk, in point of merit and intelligence surpassed both. This chief was born on the Kankakee River in 1775, and died June 17, 1859, being survived by his wife, Pokanoke, who was drowned in Mazon Creek in 1864. Through all of the Indian wars he never betrayed the white men. Twice he was visited by the great warrior, Black Hawk, in an endeavor to enlist him on the Indian side, but he refused to turn against those who ever had been kind to him. Many savages threatened to kill him and twice he had narrow escapes from death at their hands. His son, Pypeogee, and nephew, Pyps, were shot down like dogs by some of their own race.

Through the efforts of Shabbona the Black Hawk War was terminated much sooner than otherwise would have been possible. After the Government had taken from him his reservation of two sections of land, the city of Ottawa presented him with a tract above Seneca on the Illinois River and there he erected a house and maintained his family until death.

CRUM, David S.—Americans are proud of their government, their country and its great men, its public institutions, its prestige abroad and its prosperity at home, but above all, of the products indigenous to it, and those which are more perfectly grown here than in any other part of the world. Particularly is this true of corn, the food grain of the United States, and its most valuable native cereal. Until this great country of ours was annexed to the then civilized world, what we now designate as corn was unknown to any other than the Indian race. From this now almost extinct people it took its name of "Indian Maize," and now is called "Indian corn" and "corn." We Americans have nothing to do with the corn mentioned in the secular and religious records since the beginning of the world, for that refers to wheat, barley, rye and other small grains. We have to do directly with our own Indian corn, which is destined, according to the firm belief of the best agriculturists of the country, to become

king among other grains and supersede wheat as the food grain of the world.

Nowhere is it grown more perfectly than in the Middle States, and Central Illinois is peculiarly adapted to its cultivation.

The most progressive of Illinois farmers are taking this stand and, among those who first put forth this theory and carried it into practice, David S. Crum stands pre-eminent. For fifty years he has pinned his faith to corn, and on his broad acres raised the grain year after year, meeting with astonishing success.

HIERONYMUS, William H.—Today, gliding along over an almost perfect roadbed, leaning back in a comfortable car seat, the traveler through Central Illinois has but a faint appreciation of what such a journey meant to the pioneer before modern invention profited by the explorations and privations of those sturdy forerunners of civilization that made possible the luxury of the twentieth century.

The man of the '30s who sought a home in the now "Garden Spot of the World," Central Illinois, made his slow way sometimes on foot, or with a wagon sometimes drawn by oxen, loaded clown with all he possessed, including wife and children, through forests that seemed endless; crossed rivers that threatened to sweep away the little party at each eddy of the current; braved the terrors of Indian attack and death from wild animals. He took months to accomplish what is now done in as many hours, but he builded for the future and for himself an everlasting monument of the gratitude of all coming generations.

The records of Livingston County show several families specially prominent in its initial settlement and development, and, perhaps, of them all none are more worthy of mention than those bearing the names of Hieronymus and Darnell. The latter settled about 1830 when the Indians still possessed the land, but the head of this family being a wise, as well as good, man, made friends of the still half-savage Indians and, after they were thrust further west by Act of

Congress, these same Indians often returned to the Darnell home as visitors, especially in the springtime when sugar making insured them plenty of sweets. These visits oftentimes caused considerable trouble because of the failure on the part of the Indians to appreciate proper rights, and it required all of Mr. Darnell's diplomacy to prevent a rupture between his sometimes unwelcome guests and his neighbors.

William H. Hieronymus, residing on Section 5, Belle Prairie Township, is a grandson on the maternal side of this pioneer Darnell, and a son of Benjamin Hieronymus, who married Alvira Darnell. He was born November 23, 1840, on this same section, where he has always lived and contributed largely towards the development of its natural resources and its expansion into a most desirable portion of Livingston County.

Benjamin Hieronymus was born in Madison County, Ky., while his wife was born in Boone County the same State. Benjamin was a son of William, the elder, and was born January 11, 1818. The Hieronymus family in 1828 came to Tazewell County, 111., settling in what was afterwards called Hieronymus Grove, being one of the pioneers of that locality.

The early history of William H. Hieronymus is that of his township. Born soon after his father's settlement in what was then Indian Grove Township, he recalls with pleasure the exciting events of those days. While the Indians no longer infested the neighborhood as unfriendly foes, they were constant visitors and as common as the deer and wolves that preyed upon the cattle. While it was difficult to secure an education in those days, such instruction as was offered was eagerly seized upon by the ambitious young boys and girls, who endured untold privations trudging to school miles through the deep snows in those faraway winters.

Mr. Hieronymus draws delightful mind pictures of the little primitive log cabin schoolhouse in which he learned the

fundamental principles upon which he has built his education. Listening to his words it is not difficult to imagine the quaint rough logs and chimney of mud and sticks on the outside, or the slabs inside. The pupils then sat on seats made of logs, while the writing table was a slab hewn by the axe of some public-spirited father. An open fireplace furnished heat; greased paper took the place of glass in the couple of windows, and a rude cupboard at one end held fuel and dinner baskets. The teacher, usually some future statesman still pursuing his own studies, was oftentimes unable to manage the great, strong frontier boys, and was forced to call upon some of his pupils for assistance.

Occasionally, though, the one chosen as assistant, proved more a friend of pupil than teacher and notched the switch he was sent to procure. However, teacher and pupils formed lasting friendships and both profited by the association. The first teacher of Mr. Hieronymus was a Miss Jenkins, whom he remembers with respect. This was long before the establishment of the present public school system and the schools were what was then known as subscription schools, each parent paying a certain amount for every child.

His school days ended. Mr. Hieronymus began doing a man's work on the farm of his father, which was a very large one, and he early learned how to be a good farmer and successful stock raiser. His father had bought a large tract of land from the Government paying \$1.25 per acre. This land is now worth \$200 per acre. The advance in price is due to the efforts of these pioneers who redeemed the wilderness. Among other interesting facts Mr. Hieronymus mentions relative to those early days, is the fact that all taxes were paid in gold or silver, owing to the insecurity of paper currency. One man went the rounds collecting the taxes throughout the county, and carried the paper to Pontiac, where the bank there charged twenty-five cents on each dollar for exchange into gold of the depreciated paper money. Some idea of values in those days can be gained from the fact that \$500 was sufficient to defray the taxes of the entire county of Livingston.

Another matter of interest is, that wheat was then cut with a "cradle" as it was called, and Benjamin Hieronymus, who was a mechanical genius, invented a machine by means of which the chaff was separated from the grain. When the Darnells settled in the county, the nearest mill was at Springfield, but, by the time William H. Hieronymus was old enough to go with his father, there was a mill at Kankakee. Young William was also taken to Chicago, then not more than a town, and he remembers well when wheat sold there for fifty cents a bushel. At that time salt was \$5 per barrel. Now wheat is \$1.10 per bushel, and salt only ninety-five cents per barrel. At Pontiac there was constructed what was then known as a bores-power mill, two stories in height, so arranged that the machinery could be propelled by a horse. Today, flour is bought from the merchant in barrel or sack, and yet in the mind of Mr. Hieronymus and many like him, much has been lost that then made life pleasant, while, of course, there have been great gains on every side.

William H. Hieronymus was married on January 27, 1897, to Miss Eliza Lytle, born February 17, 1865, in the West Indies, where her parents settled after their marriage. They were Thomas and Mary J. (Doonan) Lytle, both natives of Belfast, Ireland. The mother was brought to Galesburg by her parents when a girl. The father after establishing himself in the West Indies, went to Galesburg for his bride and took her to his large ranch. However, her health became so poor, and as a sister of his had died, he sold his possessions and returned to Galesburg, finally settling in Chatsworth, Livingston County, where the father died March 24, 1904. The family then removed to Fairbury, where the mother, who still survives, now resides.

The children born to Mr. and Mrs. Lytle were: one who died in childhood; William, of Tingley, Iowa, married Belle Gibb ; Eliza ; Jennie, who married Howard Hartley, a farmer of Avoca, Township; Emily, who married James A. Hartley ; Letitia, who married George Jessup; Iva, who resides with her mother; Carrie, who is the widow

of Benjamin Best, resides with her mother; Martin, of Tingley, Iowa; Adah, who married John Huetten of Fairbury. Mr. and Mrs. Hieronymus are the parents of the following children: Florence A., born December 8, 1897; Mamie, born March 28, 1899; William Clifford, born October 30, 1901; Benjamin Lytle, born April 14, 1904.

For sixty-eight years Mr. Hieronymus has been identified with Belle Prairie, and has not only witnessed the many changes, but has participated, in them. His pleasant home, built about 1899, is a modern one, and fully supplied with all conveniences and appliances. The first piece of land he owned, was inherited from his father, and contained eighty acres. To this he has added until he now owns 296 acres, all of which is under cultivation. In politics he is a Democrat and has creditably filled many of the Township offices. He and his wife are consistent members of the Christian and Presbyterian Churches, respectively. Fraternally he is a member of the I. O. O. F., and K. of P., and the Encampment of Odd Fellows, Fairbury, 111.

1924 McLean County History Book

This book is titled *History of McLean County Illinois* by Jacob Hasbrouck. Some references to Native Americans are extracted below.

There were human beings here also long before the white settlers arrived. These were the Indians who roamed over these prairies and haunted the woods. There are today traces of Indian villages in some parts of the county, notably in the vicinity of Arrowsmith and in West township. The tribe of the Kickapoos were the most numerous in this immediate vicinity. They formed the first neighbors of the white settlers, and from the time when the first families of whites located in the county, until the Indian tribes finally disappeared from the scene, there was never any scene of bloodshed resulting from collisions of the two kinds of races.

Machina, known as Old Machina, was the name given by the white men to the great chief of the Kickapoos who inhabited this region at first. He was pictured as a real chief in stature and bearing. He never displayed any great hostility toward the whites in the form of violence, but soon after the first families came to Blooming Grove he appeared at the settlement one day and gave them warning in his symbolic language that they must leave the country soon. This he did by throwing leaves into the air and letting them fall, indicating that the whites must not remain after the leaves on the trees should fall in the autumn. The warning was not heeded, and Old Machina was obliged to accept his fate.

After the final dispersal of the Kickapoos from central Illinois, some people of the tribes settled in the west, and it is said that a remnant of the tribe remains there to this day.

In addition to the Kickapoos which inhabited this part of the country, there were detachments of tribes of the Delawares and the Pottawatomies.

The Kickapoos, who were living in what is now McLean County when the white settlers came, removed here from the vicinity of Danville after a treaty in 1819 gave that territory to whites. The Indians established a village on the Mackinaw River 17 miles northeast of the present site of Bloomington.

Four localities in McLean County are notably connected with Indian history. One is in Randolph Township; one in Arrowsmith, known as the Indian battle ground; a third in West, known as the Kickapoo fort; and the fourth in Lexington township, where was a small Indian town as late as 1829. In this latter village, according to tradition, were Indians from the three tribes of the Kickapoos, the Delawares and the Pottawatomies.

A Kickapoo chief, known as Ka-an-a-kuck, was famous for his religious exhortation, having become a Christian under influences of some religious sect in the East.

About 1828, the Kickapoos who had been living in McLean County, removed their headquarters to a point within the present boundaries of Livingston County, where they erected a council house and village on the east side of Indian Grove.

In 1830 they removed again, to Oliver's Grove, known as Kickapoo Grove, where a census showed 630 souls, men, women and children.

In 1832, the government moved the remnants of the tribes to a place west of St. Louis. The remnants of the tribe are still in Kansas, where they were visited a few years ago by Milo Custer, a local historian, who collected valuable information concerning their present ways of life.

Lexington Township.—Indians still had their villages in this township when the first white settlers came, one band of Kickapoos being located near where Selma was afterward, and the Delawares with a band farther up the Mackinaw.

In 1828 several white men arrived, including Conrad Flesher, John Haner and his sons, Jacob, John and William; Isaac and Joseph Brumhead. John Patton and family reached the settlement next spring, having wintered near the home of John W. Dawson at Blooming Grove. When Patton arrived he found the deserted wigwams of the Kickapoos, who had moved out. The Indians came back in the summer, but found their habitations occupied by white men. The red men stayed around the vicinity all summer and helped Patton build his first cabin.

In the fall they removed to Livingston County to remain. Patton's house was turned into a block house or fort during the Black Hawk War, but no Indians attacked it. Valentine Spawr and Milton Smith

were the next additions to the settlement. The latter became a prominent citizen and member of the county commissioners' court. The Mackinaw River and its surrounding timber proved an attraction to settlers and several mills were early built along the stream. William Haner, John Patton, John Haner and Harrison Foster were those who erected grist and saw mills. Patrick Hopkins was a newcomer about 1831 and he became well known.

He and General Bartholomew made a noted trip to the Indian settlement at Oliver's Grove in Livingston County, to see if the Indians were disposed to be hostile. Instead, they were given a friendly greeting. Hopkins was in demand by Judge Davis as a juryman and served many times in different court houses. James R. Dawson arrived at about the time of the Black Hawk War and he became county commissioner in 1845.

1924 Speech to Pontiac Kiwanis Club by Henry J. Mies

On September 25, 1924, Henry J. Mies, of Saunemin, gave a speech titled *The Early Indian History of Livingston County*. This speech was preserved in the 1985 book titled *Livingston County Historical Society: It's Beginning and Some Later Years*.

The author has updated this book in 2018 and reprinted it with the title *Livingston County Historical Society: It's Beginning and Some Later Years With Updates*. Mr. Mies's speech is given below.

Not a great deal of Indian history can be written when confined to a territory as small as Livingston County, yet the little that can be written should not be left unrecorded. Some day the student, the investigator, the collector will be asking questions, seeking information, wondering what the Indian has left to enrich our history.

It, perhaps, will fall to the collector to give a classification of the Indian's work in the stone age. I will try to present some facts

regarding our local Indians based on years of experience and research, having before me a vast array of material on the subject. I am greatly indebted to the many who have given me specimens found by them in various localities in Livingston County, and to the others who have shown me specimens from their own private collections.

Many of these specimens are of late origin having come from the Illini and Kickapoo tribes who roamed this section up to 1832. Everywhere along our streams, over our great moraines, and uplands he has left his barb. The many things fashioned by the Indian cause even the collector to wonder. Here too is found the barb of extreme age, even the chemist can not calculate the time it took to oxidize the stone, giving the surface this glaze and luster, this covering of patina. No doubt that superior race of men, the Illini, followed our beautiful Vermillion and aged before that, others found our open prairie a great hunting ground.

It is almost within the memory of men of today that much of this information could have been recorded. Less than 100 years ago these streams and upland were theirs. It is within the memory of many of our pioneers who cleared the land and brought to the collector this wonderful array of handiwork, buried history of the past. Less than 100 years ago Indians cultivated corn in this County, yet the little crib (the Kickapoo storehouse) is forgotten. Corn Grove in Section 28. Chatsworth Township, where it once stood is now a cultivated field.

It has been the writer's experience and pleasure to find these barbs by the hundred, and even some handiwork of the Mound Builder's race. He has marveled, he was enacted, at the skill and patience the workmen had, using stone against stone, fashioning weapons which were so necessary for his protection and existence. His work in the higher arts, his ornaments, his emblems, his charms. so enduring is most of it made, that it has withstood the raves of the elements and of time. Some of his work is checked by the many prairie fires that

have swept our up-lands and some has crumbled. Even in the short space of 90 years the Indian is forgotten.

"Gone all thy world O Arrow Head,
Gone are the hands that made thee so,
Gone is the warrior and his bow,

Gone is the quarry and the oak,
Gone are the wild red forest folk,
Like their own bolts forever sped,
Gone all thy world O Arrow Head."

Not a massacre occurred in the County, not even a battle field has been found or recorded. Our Indians remained peaceable in the unrest of 1831-32 — The Sauk and Black Hawk War. Not until a race has passed from the face of the earth will investigations be made. Such is history. I have waited for an opportune time to present some facts regarding our first inhabitants. There is a deeper interest being shown at this time, and on the pages of our history their story can be told as it should be. It is only due to the coming generations that the story should be told with the object lessons and the ideals of a race before them.

As a collector, as an investigator, in my den I can see the connecting link of his handiwork when I compare our manufactured tools of iron and steel with his of stone. I can see they played a part. Theirs were the forerunner of a larger and better civilization. What a history we could have had, had our early pioneers written their story when they lived among the red men. I could not help being impressed as the plow exposed for me the barb, or lap anvil, the mortar dish, and the battle-ax.

I have plowed the virgin soil within the city limits of Chicago and exposed the war point from its hidden past. I plowed up the two bitted stone ax so old that we wonder who fashioned it so. From these and many, many others that I have found I have, as best I

could, woven their story. In classifying their work I feel it would be of interest to you to know how this information is gleaned, and the naming of their handiwork, giving terms that are so familiar to us today. These had their origin in the stone age. In our patent office at Washington can be found some of their exact duplicates and on these patents are granted to-day.

The classification of their work is as follows: 1st shape, 2nd size, 3rd material. 4th color, 5th, condition, 6th age, 7th workmanship, 8th locality. 9th the date found and 10th comments. This opens up a field almost unbelievable, but such it should, to obtain reliable records of their handiwork. It then can be indexed and scored. The above points are subdivided. Under workmanship we have five divisions, work in flaked and chipped objects, such as the arrowhead, the hunting spear, the knives, drills, scrapers, and chisels. The next is work in pecked objects such as the stone hammer, slugs, axes, celts, and hatchets or tomahawks. The next is work in polished objects, such as slate ornaments. The next is moulded work, such as pottery. Then comes the work in copper which is hammered ware.

In use they are divided: weapons of warfare and chase; implements of agriculture, work in ornaments, work in emblems and ceremonials in religion; charms, pipes, plumb bobs, banner stones, gorgets, amulets, discoids, paint cups, and others. Some are classed as artifacts and problematics, their use to us unknown. Under the head of warfare and chase the objects used were the grooved ax, grooved stone hammer slugs, the un-grooved celt, or tomahawk, skinning knives. and daggers. The war club, set with points, had somewhat passed out of use belonging more to the Paleolithic period of the stone age. Still the war points are quite numerous. evidence of a change in the method of warfare. The weapons of range, those that would carry a distance are the lance head, the hunting spear, and the bow and arrows. In the miscellaneous type we have the free hand skinning knife, the notched knife, the beveled knife, the beveled or rotary arrow, scrapers of many kinds and shapes, and chisels of

many designs such as the freehand, beveled, notched, and stemmed, also many types of drills. stone pencils for picture writing and hieroglyphics, fluted arrows, some gouged, both in flaked and pecked. The types of smaller arrows are quite numerous, such as the smaller arrows are quite numerous, such as the small bird barbs, the small lances, spears and fish points. In all it would take pages to describe them. To illustrate, an arrow is classified first as to point, 2nd, the edge or face, 3rd. the bevel, 4th, the blade. 5th, the tang. 6th, the stem, 7th, the base, 8th, the neck, and 9th. the barb or shoulder.

The implements of agriculture are not so numerous, yet are very interesting and are work of a higher order. Implements of stone shape the way for a higher order of civilization. In 1828-29 near Rock Island over 3,000 acres of corn in one spot flourished and ripened. Here in our County we find the mortar dish, the pestle and grinder, the notched hoe, adz, and hafted spade, evidence of agriculture. The higher the order of workmanship the less numerous are the objects. Now and then their ornaments ceremonials and charms are found. Their carved effigies and pottery ware show a marked advance in the stone age. Fragments of pottery ware are sometimes found at old camp sites, but as so little is found I will not go into detail regarding it. No doubt at permanent camps pottery ware was made and burnt. They found in this locality all the tempering material, such as clay, sand and shells, using pulverized stone with their burnt clay.

So far I have seen but one piece of glazed pottery with colored design from this locality. We marvel at the perfect contour of line, and uniform thickness, when we consider that perhaps the pottery wheel was unknown at this time. Further history of pottery ware must be based on vases and ware found in burial mounds, and as over 30 years have passed since the opening of one, much history has been lost. I am in hopes that some day further information may be added.

Now and then bone awls as well as squid sewing needles are found. Bone ware was used for many purposes. such as cutting. flaking and drilling. I cannot pass by this interesting work of drilling with either bone or stone. Even at some of his other handiwork we stand perplexed, when we know that our workmen of to-day can not duplicate their work. Holes were drilled in small pearls and also through the hardest of materials such as granite and hematite. They knew the value of sand in drilling and in many cases silica are found.

One that I recall was a bone flute found in this locality, having little holes or perforations made in a straight line so that the same could be fingered. Such ware today is very rare, most of it having decayed.

The finding of musical instruments shows a refining influence even in primitive life as we weave together the story of human progress. Perhaps the first musical sound heard was the clanking of stones at the quarries where they were broken and fashion into weapons. Our Indians here had developed music to quite a high art, using five notes to the scale and making their run down instead of up as we do.

It might be interesting to know that most of our Indian handiwork is made of stone transported, as we had no quarries here in the County. The only material that could be found for work was in our glacial drift. The heavy weapons of warfare and chase were made from the glacial granite pebbles found along our streams. This accounts for the many beautiful specimens and the variety of color found in our axes, celts, and hatchets or tomahawks. Now and then an ax of jade is found.

In the flaked and chipped ware the material shows much barter and trade from other quarries, therefore the great variety and color of stone. We find ware of obsidian, agate, camelian, jasper, petrified wood, transparent quartz, and many others of flint and chert, and now and then a local pebble of solidified coral and even some with the imprint of the sea lily or crinoidea. The mill pore, the mound and

chain coral, were made into beautiful arrows. So interesting is this to the collector that class workmanship is recognized and also that the workman was considering color and beauty in the stone cutting art. It is probably true that skilled workmen were making this a specialty, since Longfellow mentions the ancient arrow maker. The most prized of all this work are objects made from hematite, an iron ore transported from the Lake Superior region and the Iron Mountains of Missouri. We find the grooved ax, the celt or hatchet, the plumb bob, and the skinning knife. The skill and patience exhibited in fashioning these objects would easily class the maker as a master workman. The material had a hardness of from 4.5 to 6.5 and a specific gravity of 4.9 to 5.3. Some of this ware is quite magnetic. I might say that now and then ferruginous ware is found, although quite rare in this locality. It also has a hardness of 5 on a scale of 10.

Copper objects also are quite rare in this locality. I have a few found along the Illinois River at Buffalo Rock near Ottawa. The objects found in caches or pockets are not numerous, yet many that have been found have been forgotten. Only those interested have kept a record. Perhaps many will come to light as interest increases. Mr. J. B. Grotevant's find is the best so far. His find of 26 pieces of spades (agricultural implements) found in a cache near Ocoya is very interesting. A small cache near Scovel contained arrow heads and another near Cullom a mortar dish and battle ax with a celt and a few arrows.

Quite a few have been found along our Vermillion by early settlers in the clearing of the timber. Some were found under trees and some the plow would expose, yet it was of no interest, simply a passing incidents.

Indian picture writing has, through the hand of man, become obliterated. Now and then small record stones are found. Along the north bank of Five Mile Creek some writing was found and is now in Mr. James Smith's collection at Saunemin. I sent a duplicate copy

to the Bureau of Ethnology but it could not be deciphered. All our timbered spots along the Vermillion show signs of Indian habitation. Even around the old oak trees at Five Mile Grove I can still find their flakes. At Five Mile three of the old French hand-made trader's axes were found. In the timber spot near Wing quite a few arrows are found. The spot east of that, the Ox Bow, is where I found a good specimen of the ax-makers art which had been turned up by the dredge boat.

It might be of interest to mention the signal hills of our County such as Sugar Loaf south of Kempton. Here quite a few arrow heads have been found. The depression in that hill was not of Indian origin but was used as an outpost by the early prairie bandits to give them a wide outlook over the swamp region. Sugar Loaf has an elevation of a little over 750 feet. The next is the Smith Mound just South of Blackstone with about the same elevation. Here many arrows have been found. This mound is not of Indian origin. The next are the Grey Knobs south of Chatsworth at Oliver's Grove, (once known as Kickapoo Grove) near where the moraine divides. This has an elevation of 831 feet. From these hills news was conveyed over this region by signal fires.

The Indian burial mounds are nearly all obliterated along the Vermillion. Their elevation was only a few feet, so in the clearing of the timber and the cultivation of the land many were not even recognized. The Tom Smith Mound in Avoca Township near the junction of Indian Grove Creek had an elevation of about 5 feet. The writer has stood on it in an early day not knowing it was a mound. Not till the opening of the mound for a cellar did it reveal its hidden treasures. These are now scattered to the four winds. Even in his resting place, in his endless sleep, the Indian is disturbed. Another civilization takes his place, so forgetful that not a line is recorded. This is the only mound recognized by collectors as of very old origin. Around the mound was a great camping ground, perhaps the largest in the County. The finds here were very numerous and of many different types.

Following along this line I will mention a few other camping places of importance. The second is the bench land along the Vermillion in Amity Township. This is very rich in finds. Even last spring I found a battle ax, celt and arrows on fields cultivated over 50 years. Our treasure spot at Pontiac is the old Indian camping grounds east of town known as Rollins Grove. All our collectors have visited this old camp site and pictured what might have been in the long ago when the Indian teepees numbered into the hundreds. All around this old camping ground their chipped objects are quite numerous, and on the old trails to-day the barb can still be found. Let us preserve this beauty spot along our beautiful Vermillion, this one spot that is so closely linked with the primitive. Let the springs that are still there quench our thirst. That which they have loved, let us love, that over which their children roamed let ours roam, for those that are yet to come let it be preserved and not defiled.

Another area of bluff or bench land is that of the old or ancient channel of the Vermillion near the McCormack homestead south and east of Pontiac, sometimes call the Ox Bow. Here are still the springs. Here too the barb is found. A Miss McCormack has quite a collection from this locality. Other camping places are known but I am drifting to a close. I have had my dreams of this old Ox Bow. Here a beautiful artificial lake could be made such as it once was. I would like to name it Kickapoo Lake after the Kickapoo Indians who lived there.

It would be indeed an interesting history if all our finds of Indian relics could be preserved, gathered in one museum and classified. What a light would gleam from the hazy past! It would surprise one if he could read the history of a forgotten race from the actual evidence upon the collector's shelves. The collector has gathered together the scattered fragments that tell the story, a story in stone, deserving a place in the history of our county. Much of our Indian handiwork is scattered, some carried away, some lost, some destroyed. The writer has heard of some fine specimens being

broken, many an arrow has been broken and defaced to see flint strike fire. This is to be regretted for they cannot be restored. The hand that so easily destroys can not duplicate.

The specimens found in my own Township, Saunemin (named after a sub-chief under Chicago), I have carefully marked, and others given me have received the same consideration. It has been my intent and purpose in this short sketch to give a brief classification of the Indian handiwork of this County, perhaps never given before. To the student, to the investigator, and to the collector, I lend my co-operation.

Henry J. Meis,
Pontiac, Ill.

1939 History Book

In 1939, a WPA (Work Projects Administration) project resulted in the book titled *Illinois: A Descriptive and Historical Guide*. Writers employed on this projects drove through-out the State of Illinois and wrote down information about the areas visited. There are some references to Native Americans included in this book. Excerpts are shown below.

Prairie Fires:

The pioneers admired the grasslands, but clung to the wooded waterways. At the time of early settlement the fertility of the prairie was not known nor was it available until the invention of plows capable of breaking the tough sod. The waterways furnished timber for fuel and building, a convenient water supply, and protection for the settlers jerry-built cabins from prairie fires and windstorms. Fires invariably swept the grasslands in the late summer, when the Indians burned off the prairie to drive out game.

When the settlers at last began to venture cautiously out from the groves, they took the precaution to surround their homesteads with several plowed furrows as a fire check.

Ice Age

So began the glacial period, *the deus ex machina* in the making of Illinois. Even as the curtain descended upon the State's geological drama, the ice sheets appeared, effaced the ruggedness, and retreated so recently that Indian legends make awed mention of the Ice God that once came down from the North.

Mounds

When the first white men came to Illinois, they found large mounds of earth rising up out of the prairies, usually near navigable rivers. Because these mounds contained burials, pottery, stone implements, and the ruins of buildings, and were sometimes shaped like birds and beasts, various legends arose about the people who built them. One story had it that they were a lost tribe of Israel. Another described them as a people related to the Mayas and the Aztecs. A third told of an ancient race, of much vision and beauty, with large cities and widespread commerce and trade, that flourished in the Mississippi Basin about the time of Christ. For many years the mound builders captured the imagination of storytellers.

Today, however, these myths have been exploded, and the mystery of the mounds has been solved, at least in part, by archeological expeditions. Archeologists have been able to show clearly that the mound builders were simply Indians who built mounds.

These mounds were not all of one period, nor were they all built for the same purpose. Some, like the effigy mounds in the northwestern part of the State, were of a ceremonial nature; many were built primarily for burial purposes ; others were sites for buildings. Those of the latter type seem to show influences which came from the

Lower Mississippi, and possibly from the higher cultures of Mexico and South America.

With the great tribal unrest among the Indians during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, largely due to the incursions of the Iroquois from the East, a great shifting of tribes occurred, so that by the time the first explorers came to Illinois, there were few mound-building Indians left in the region.

More than 10,000 mounds are scattered throughout the State. Because Illinois was situated at the confluence of the great highways of primitive travel—the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, and Illinois Rivers—various mound-building cultures shuttled back and forth across the State. Here are found obsidian from Yellowstone, Catlinite from Minnesota, copper from Michigan and Minnesota, mica from the Alleghenies, and shells from the Gulf of Mexico.

And in the mounds of other States are found the kind of flint mined only in the ancient quarry in Union County, Illinois.

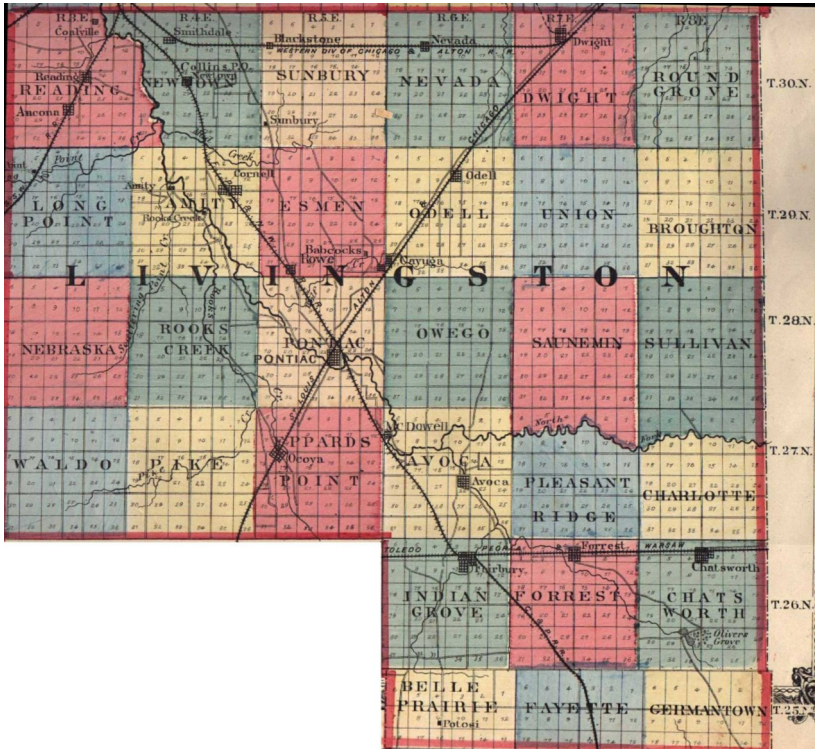
HEYWORTH, 12.3 m. (747 alt., 959 pop.), is an agricultural trading center; according to tradition, the village site, then heavily timbered, was for many years the camping ground of the Kickapoo tribe.

LEXINGTON, 76.3 m. (746 alt., 1,292 pop.), commemorates the Massachusetts battleground. When settlers came to the town site in 1828, they found villages of the Kickapoo and Delaware tribes about 3 miles south. Although alarms during the Black Hawk War caused fortifications to be erected hastily along the streams, the little band of settlers weathered the uneasy period without losing a single scalp. With the coming of the Chicago & Mississippi Railroad in 1854, the town became an outlet for the produce of the region and this continues to be its chief economic function.

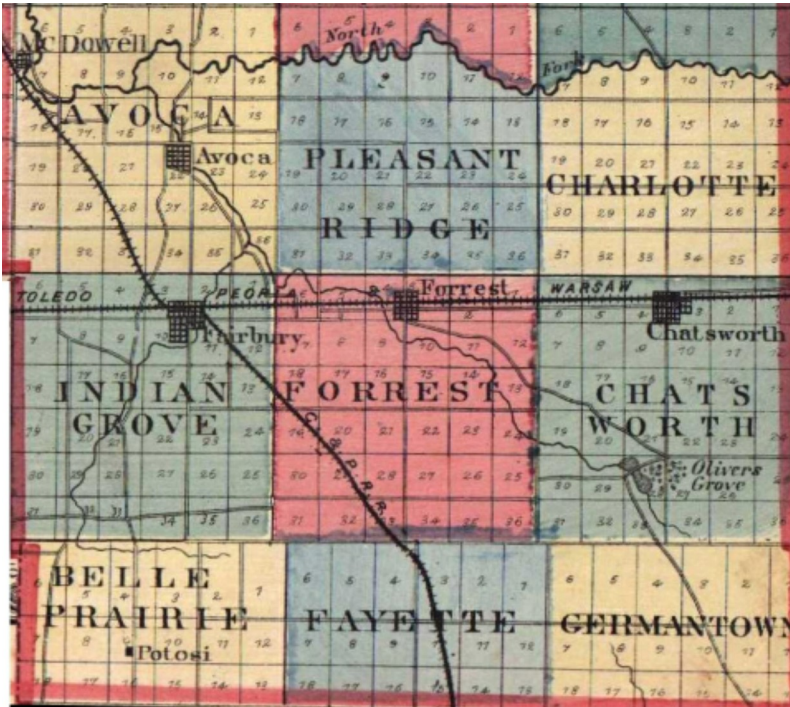
CHAPTER 9

The Kickapoo in the Fairbury Area

The 1875 map below shows the location of Fairbury and Indian Grove Township.

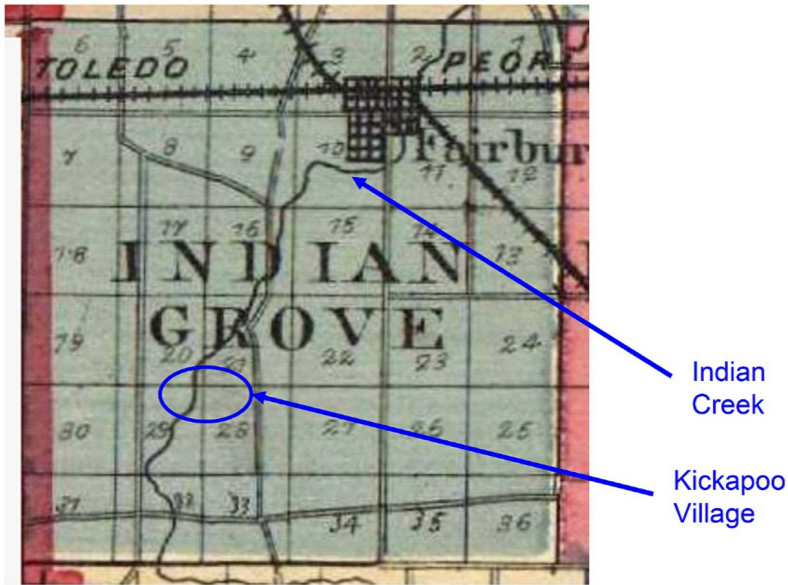


Isolating just the very southern portion of Livingston County gives the map below.



Today, the Fairbury area is generally considered to be the townships of Avoca, Indian Grove, and Belle Prairie.

Both the township name of Indian Grove, and the name of Indian Creek, came from the Kickapoo village that was located about 3 miles south of Fairbury.



Kickapoo Bean

A May 30, 2010, Pantagraph story covered the Kickapoo Bean story.

Kickapoo Pow Wow: Gift of beans sprouts historic friendship

LeROY — A modern day tale of Thanksgiving will play out at the Grand Village of the Kickapoo Pow Wow on Saturday when two descendants of early pioneers in Livingston County arrive to repay a 180-year-old debt their family owes the tribe.

Lee Bentley of Arroyo Seco, N.M., and his distant cousin, Marty Travis, are bringing beans that are descended from the same beans the Kickapoo gave their great-great-great-great-grandfather, Valentine Darnall, to help his family survive their first harsh winter in Illinois.

Bentley located the beans from distant relatives after they passed through the family for generations. Travis grew them on Darnall's original 160-acre homestead five miles south of Fairbury. The land is now known as Spence Farm, where Travis grows heirloom grains and specialty vegetables for high-end restaurants in Chicago.

Travis and Bentley will make the presentation to Glenn Barnhill, board president of Grand Village of the Kickapoo Park, prior to the Grand Entry of dancers before noon. The annual pow wow continues on Sunday.

"The honor of being able to return that to them is pretty paramount," said Travis, who is convinced Darnall, his wife, Rachel, and their four children ages 2 to 9 could have died if the Kickapoo hadn't happened by the Darnall's remote cabin.

"Having discovered these beans were still alive, it seemed like a right thing to do," added Bentley. "Shucks, you don't get a chance to do something like this every day."

"It is a good thing to hear these old stories of how native American people of this area helped a lot of pioneers in this area where many trades and friendship took place," said Barnhill, who though not Kickapoo, is an American Indian dedicated to preserving American Indian culture, language and key historic sites.

The Kickapoo lived at the Grand Village near LeRoy for many years. The first documented contact between explorers and the tribe was in the mid-1700s. As many as 3,000 Kickapoo lived at the village in the 1820s when a surveyor visited not long after Illinois was named a state. Tribal members also lived at two other villages near present-day Lincoln in Logan County and Fairbury.

The winter of 1830 was one of the worst on record in Illinois. Travis said the Darnalls, who arrived from Kentucky in late October of that year, were unprepared. They were alone in the area other than for American Indians. A plaque the Livingston County Historical Society erected on the Spence Farm identifies the Darnalls as the first permanent white settlers in the county. After realizing the Darnalls' plight, the Indians returned with beans for them to eat and to grow more food in spring.

Bentley first heard the story when he was a boy. His father called them “brownie beans.” A few years ago, a family reunion prompted him to find out if someone in the large extended family still had some of them. An aunt first offered some, but they did not germinate. Later, a distant cousin was located who was still growing them. He provided about 100 more beans to Travis two years ago. Since then, he has produced enough to give some to the Grand Village of the Kickapoo Park and keep some to grow more.

Bentley eventually plans to sell some of the beans to his clients. Famed Chef Rick Bayless of the Frontera Grill in Chicago has told Travis he’ll buy the beans, which Travis said have a “unique” flavor.

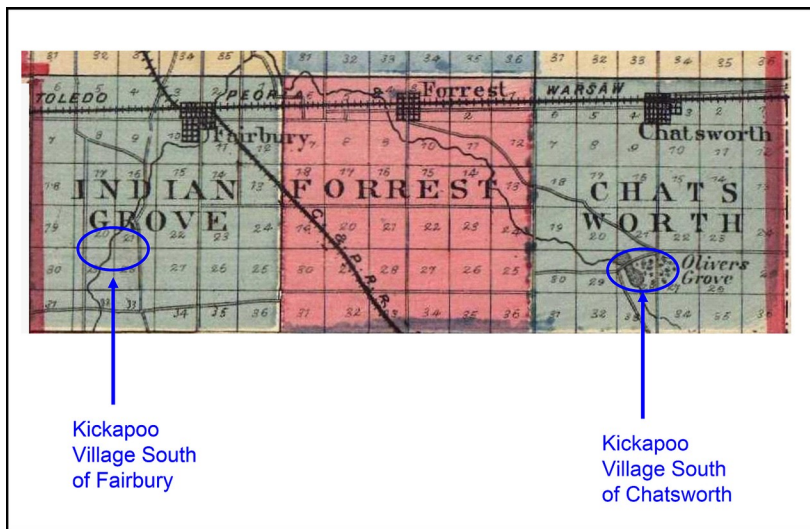
“Even more exciting on our side is the honor to be able to return them to the Kickapoo,” said Travis.

CHAPTER 10

Oliver's Grove

The Kickapoo moved their village from south of Fairbury to Oliver's Grove, south of Chatsworth. They remained at that location until they were forced to leave the state of Illinois.

Henry J. Mies, in his 1924 speech from above, noted the Kickapoo had a small corn store-house or crib on Section 28 in Oliver's Grove. On the map below, the circle below Chatsworth is located on Section 28.



CHAPTER 11

Plant Usage

In March of 2016, Professor William C. Handel gave a very interesting talk at the Fairbury Dominy Library. His talk focused on how Native Americans used many of the plants for medicinal purposes. A copy of his material is excerpted below.

MEDICINAL PLANTS OF THE PRAIRIE PAST AND PRESENT USE

Introduction

Today, most of the focus on edible and medicinal plants is concentrated on losses due to destruction of the rain forests in Central and South America. North America is often overlooked as a major source of natural plant products, because much of the information on uses of wild plants disappeared over 100 years ago with the Native Americans. Of the information on plants utilized by North American Indian tribes the least is known about the Plains Indians (Vestal and Shultes 1939). It is known that Native Americans used plants extensively for food and medicine. It has been reported that over 1,112 species of plants were utilized by North American Indians for food alone (Yanovsky 1936). In a study of the prairie bioregion it was found that a total of 123 plant species were used as food and 203 species were used medicinally (Kindscher 1992).

It has been estimated that only 5 to 15% of the world's existing 250,000 to 750,000 higher plants have been surveyed for biologically active compounds, and many of these have only been analyzed for only one type of compound, such as anti-tumor agents (Croom 1983). Most people in this country are unaware that 40% of all prescription drugs have at least one ingredient derived from a

natural source, and 25% contain at least one ingredient derived from higher plants (Foster 1990). Prairie plants in the North American bioregion have a great potential for medicinal and alternative food sources. Many are just now being studied for possible treatment of cancer and heart disease, and for their immuno-stimulant properties, which are needed in the fight against viruses such as AIDS. Prairie plants have shown the ability under cultivation of producing substantial yields. Being well adapted to the harsh climate of the Midwest they need little or no irrigation, thus reducing the demand on dwindling water supplies.

It is not always enough to tell people that they should save the prairie because of biodiversity, the pretty wildflowers, or "its the right thing to do." It is important to educate people on the usefulness of our native flora, not only to give added credence to the preservation of the native prairie that still exists in Illinois, but also to hopefully create an understanding in plant conservation and an appreciation of the complex interconnecting web in which people are only a single strand.

Many of the plants in this presentation are uncommon or rare and should not be taken from the wild. Also many of these plants are poisonous if used incorrectly. It is not the intent of this presentation to promote experimentation with edible and medicinal plants. If you want more information of the use, cultivation, or preservation of native plants please refer to the bibliography.

Andropogon gerardii big bluestem

Historical use: Stems were used as arrows for young Indian children. Chippewa Indians used a root decoction of big bluestem for stomachaches and gas. Omaha Indians used leaves as an external wash for fevers.

***Apios americana* hog peanut**

Historical use: The tubers, which contain 3 times the protein of potatoes, were boiled or eaten raw by American Indians and settlers.

Current use or research: Groundnuts are currently being studied for use as a food plant. Under cultivation it is reported to produce up to 8 pounds of tubers per plant.

***Asclepias tuberosa* butterfly milkweed**

Historical use: Considered to be an important medicinal plant by several Indian tribes. Omaha Indians chewed the raw root for pulmonary and bronchial troubles. It was also chewed and placed on wounds or pulverized and blown into wounds.

Current use or research: Milkweeds contain cardiac glycosides that are toxic to livestock and humans. One of these, amplexoside occurs in sand milkweed (*Asclepias amplexicaulis*), has been shown to inhibit cell growth in some types of human cancer.

***Aster novae-angliae* New England aster**

Historical use: Root tea was used by American Indians for diarrhea and fever. Asters in general were used as a moxa. A stem was burned and placed over the wound or powdered and placed in the wound. A tea of the whole plant was used for arrow wounds; cotton or other absorbent material was dipped into the tea and pushed into the wound.

***Baptisia leucophaea* wild indigo**

Historical use: American Indians rubbed a mixture of pulverized seed and buffalo fat on the abdomen for colic and intestinal disturbance. Root tea was used to treat scarlet and typhoid fevers. An infusion was used as an astringent for wounds. Current use or

research: *Baptisia leucophaea* has shown possible immune system stimulant activity. Large doses of this plant have been fatal.

***Cassia fasciculata* partridge pea**

Historical use: Cherokee Indians used root tea with other plants to relieve fatigue.

***Castilleja coccinea* Indian paintbrush**

Historical use: Weak flower tea was used for rheumatism, as a contraceptive, and for venereal disease. Flowers and leaves of *Castilleja sessiliflora* Prush., downy yellow painted cup, were mixed with bear grease to promote hair growth. Indian paintbrush was also used as a secret love charm in food and as a poison to destroy enemies.

***Ceanothus americanus* New Jersey tea**

Historical use: Leaves were used during the revolutionary war as a substitute for regular tea. Root tea was used for colds, fever, snakebite, stomachaches, and lung ailments, and as a laxative and blood tonic.

Current use or research: Alkaloids in the root are mildly hypotensive (lowers blood pressure).

***Dalea purpureum* Purple prairie clover**

Historical use: Several American Indian tribes chewed the roots of purple prairie clover and white prairie clover, for the sweet flavor. Leaves of purple prairie clover were used for treatment of diarrhea. Mesquakies Indians used a tea from purple prairie clover to treat measles.

Desmanthus illinoensis Illinois bundleflower

Historical Use: Pawnee Indians used leaf tea for itching. Seeds were used for eye infections

Current use or research: Illinois bundleflower is being studied to see if it has potential for a range crop plant.

Echinacea Purple coneflowers

Historical use: The three species of purple coneflowers; narrow-leaved purple coneflower, purple coneflower, and pale purple coneflower were possibly the most used medicinal group of plants by the plains Indians. American Indians used purple coneflower as a panacea for a wide variety of complaints. The crushed root was used for relieving pain and reducing inflammations, especially for bites from insects, spiders, and snakes. Medicine men of the Omaha and Winnebago tribes rubbed the crushed root on the skin as a local anesthetic. Narrow-leaved purple coneflower is said to be a folk cure for the bite of the brown recluse spider.

Current use or research: Research in Germany has yielded over 200 pharmaceutical preparations from the three species of purple coneflower. Extracts have shown the ability to stimulate the immune system and inhibit several types of cancer. Fresh juice from above ground parts of *E. purpurea* increased the resistance against several viruses in the cells of mice. Unfortunately demand has caused over-harvesting of this plant in the western part of its range. The plant can easily be propagated from seed in wildflower gardens.

Eryngium yuccifolium rattlesnake master

Historical use: A poultice from an infusion of the root was used by the Creek, Cherokee, and Fox Indians for reducing fevers, poisonous bites, and expelling water from the body.

Current use or research: No research has been done on *E. yuccifolium*; however a related species of *Eryngium* in Jordan has been found to contain an effective antivenin for scorpion stings.

***Eupatorium perfoliatum* boneset**

Historical use: Tea from the leaves was used to treat colds and fevers; large doses were used to induce vomiting. Tea was also used to treat fever in horses.

Current use or research: Tests in Germany have shown that boneset is as effective as aspirin in treating cold symptoms. There is suspicion that boneset contains potentially liver damaging alkaloids.

***Euphorbia corollate* flowering spurge**

Historical use: Mesquakies Indians had several uses for flowering spurge. They drank an infusion of the root before breakfast as a laxative and also as a remedy for rheumatism. They also mixed root with berries of stag horn sumac and bur oak and drank the concoction to expel pinworms.

Current use or research: Research indicates that several toxic compounds occur in many *Euphorbia* spp. and some which cause dermatitis.

***Gentiana andrewsii* bottle gentian**

Historical use: Used by several Indian tribes as a bitter tonic for stomach digestion and to promote appetite.

Current use or research: Several compounds in the gentian family are used today to treat malaria and rheumatic inflammations.

Helianthus sunflowers

Historical use: The sunflowers were an important food plant for the Plains Indians. Evidence indicates that domestication of sunflowers began 3,000 years ago. Since that time, Indians have increased the size of the sunflower seeds 1,000% through cultivation. Seeds were used to make bread or eaten raw. Jerusalem artichoke produce edible underground tubers. Uncooked they taste like water chestnuts, cooked they are sweeter than potatoes but are as not as firm. Considered a good food for weight watchers and diabetics because of inulin, a carbohydrate that is highly digestible. Sawtooth sunflower was used by Fox Indians as a poultice for healing burns. Western sunflower roots were crushed and used for bruises and contusions.

Current use or research: Jerusalem artichoke is being cultivated as a food crop for livestock and human consumption.

Liatris pycnostachya gayfeather

Historical use: American Indians in the St. Louis region used the root of gayfeather for treating sexually transmitted diseases. Gayfeather corms were chewed and blown into the nostrils of horses to make them run faster. Flowers were mixed with corn and fed to horses to keep them in good condition.

Lithospermum spp. puccoon

Historical use: The Lakota Indians used the powdered roots for chest wounds. Hoary puccoon, leaf tea was rubbed on a person for fever with spasms and to treat insanity. Yellow puccoon, was chewed and spit on the face to keep a person awake. The puccoons were an important dye plant for many Indian tribes.

Current use or research: Studies have found natural occurring estrogen compounds on some species of puccoons, which may make them useful for birth control.

Lobelia siphilitica spiked lobelia

Historical use: Lobelia was used as a love charm by several American Indian tribes. The plant was chopped and put in the food of a quarrelsome couple without their knowledge. Chippewa Indians used a combination of sumac and lobelia to treat sexually transmitted diseases. It was considered by colonists to be an effective emetic.

Current use or research: Lobelia is fatal in large doses. The alkaloid lobeline is used to help people quit smoking and is also used in resuscitation of newborn infants and to revive people from drug overdoses.

Monarda wild bergamot

Historical use: Many North American Indian tribes for treatment of colds and fevers used wild bergamot extensively. Tea was drunk after childbirth. Dakota and Winnebago Indians used wild bergamot to treat Asiatic cholera.

Current use or research: Monarda spp. are a source of thymol, which has been used for its antifungal, antibacterial, and vermifugal properties.

Oenothera biennis evening primrose

Historical use: Roots were boiled in several changes of water and eaten like parsnips. Leaves were cooked as a vegetable or added to salad for a peppery taste. American Indians used the root for coughs, as an antispasmodic, to suppress pain, and to reduce inflammation.

Current use or research: Extracted oil from seeds has been shown to be useful in treating atopic eczema, premenstrual syndrome, and mild hypertension. Evening primrose also contains several substances that make it useful for treating burns, wounds, and skin lesions

***Phytolacca americana* pokeweed**

Historical use: Roots were mixed with lard and used for skin diseases. Berry tea was used to treat rheumatism, arthritis, and dysentery.

Current use or research. Used in cancer research for replication of blood cells. Also is being studied for AIDS research; a protein present in pokeweed is reported to be 1,000 times more potent than AZT in fighting AIDS. Juice from pokeweed may cause dermatitis and even chromosome damage.

***Silphium laciniatum* compass plant**

Historical use: Indian children supposedly used resinous sap for chewing gum. During the nineteenth century and early twentieth century compass plant was used as an antipyretic, diuretic, emetic, antispasmodic, stimulant, and diaphoretic.

***Tradescantia ohiensis* spiderwort**

Historical use: Several Indian tribes used spiderwort as an edible green that was eaten raw or cooked like asparagus. Root tea was used for kidney problems and stomach ailments. The smashed plant was applied to insect bites, stings, and skin cancers.

***Tripsacum dactyloides* eastern gama grass**

Historical use: Large amounts of seeds of gama grass were found among remains of the Ozark Bluff-dwellers. The seeds may have been popped like popcorn.

Current use or research: Because eastern gama grass can easily be propagate; has natural immunity against grasshoppers, corn ear worm, and European corn borer; is able to fix small amounts of atmospheric nitrogen; and is high in protein and carbohydrates it has potential for a perennial agricultural crop.

***Verbena hastata* blue vervain**

Historical use: Blue vervain leaf tea was used for stomachache. Vervain has been used for a wide range of medicinal purposes, including a sedative, diaphoretic, diuretic, vermicide, bitter tonic, and antispasmodic.

***Vernonia missurica* Missouri ironweed**

Historical use: American Indians used the root of several species of ironweed as a "blood tonic" to regulate menses, relieve pain after childbirth, to stop bleeding, and stomachaches. Cherokee Indians made a tea from *Helenium autumnale* L., sneezeweed, and *Vernonia noveboracensis* (L.) Michx., ironweed, to prevent menstruation for two years after childbirth.

***Veronicastrum virginicum* culver's root**

Historical use: Used as an effective cathartic in relaxing the bowels during malaria attacks. American Indians used culver's root to induce vomiting and stimulate the liver. An overdose is potentially toxic.

Medicinal Terms

Alkaloids-A large, varied group of complex nitrogen-containing compounds, usually alkaline, that react with acids to form soluble salts, many of which have physiological effects on humans. Some examples include nicotine, cocaine, and caffeine.

Alternative- A medicinal substance that gradually restores health.

Analgesic- A pain-relieving medicine.

Antifungal- An agent that inhibits the growth or multiplication of fungi, or kills them outright.

Antimicrobial- An agent that inhibits growth or multiplication of microorganisms, or kills them. **Antipyretic**- A substance that checks or reduces fever.

Antiseptic-Preventing sepsis, decay, purification; also, an agent that kills germs, microbes.

Antispasmodic - A substance preventing or relieving muscle spasms or cramps.

Astringent: An agent that causes tissue to contract used to stop bleeding.

Calmative: An agent with mild sedative or calming effects.

Cathartic: A powerful purgative or laxative, causing severe evacuation, with or without pain.

Decoction: A preparation made by boiling a plant part in water.

Diaphoretic: An agent that induces sweating.

Diuretic: An agent that induces urination.

Emetic: An agent that induces vomiting.

Fungicidal: An agent that kills fungi.

Hypotensive: Causing a lowering in blood pressure.

Immunostimulant: Stimulating various functions or activities of the immune system.

Infusion: A preparations made by soaking a plant part in hot or cold water; in essence, a tea.

Moxa: A dried herb substance burned on or above the skin to stimulate an acupuncture point or serve as a counterirritant.

Mucilaginous: Pertaining to or resembling or containing mucilage; slimy.

Panacea: An agent good for what ails you, a "cure-all"

Poultice: A moist, usually warm or hot mass of plant material applied to the skin, or with cloth between the skin and plant material, to effect a medicinal action.

Stimulant: An agent that causes increased activity of another agent, cell, tissue, organ, or organism.

Tonic: An ambiguous term referring to a substance thought to have an overall positive medicinal effect of an unspecified nature.

Vermicidal: Having worm-killing properties; and agent that kills worms; a vermifuge.

Bibliography

Anonymous, 1990. AIDS Drug from Weed. Wildflower. Winter 1991.7(1):39

Croom, E. M. 1983. Documenting and Evaluating Herbal Remedies. Economic Botany 37 (I): 13-27.

Foster, S. and J. A. Duke. 1990. A Field Guide to Medicinal Plants: Eastern and Central North America. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

Gilmore, M. 1977 (1919). Uses of Plants by the Missouri River Region. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press. Reprint of a work first published as the 33rd Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. Washington D.C., 1919.

Jackson, Wes. 1985. New Roots in Agriculture. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press.

Kindscher, K. 1987. Edible Wild Plants of the Prairie: An Ethnobotanical Guide. Lawrence: University Press of Kansas.

Kindscher, K. 1992. Medicinal Wild Plants of the Prairie: An Ethnobotanical Guide. Lawrence: University Press of Kansas.

Moerman, D. E. 1986. Medicinal Plants of Native America. Research Reports in Ethnobotany, 2 vols. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan. Museum of Anthropology.

Vestal, P. A. and R. A. Schultes. 1939. The Economic Botany of the Kiowa Indians. Cambridge, Mass. Botanical Museum.

Yanovsky, E. 1936. Food Plants of the North American Indians. Miscellaneous Publication 237, U.S. Department of Agriculture.

CHAPTER 12

Evidence of the Past

The first people to live in Illinois have walked and lived in Illinois for the past 8,000 years. In general, these early people tended to make their villages along rivers and creeks.

Fairbury has Indian Creek, which starts south of town, and runs north until it empties into the Vermilion River. Over the years, many collectors have found hundreds of artifacts along the creek.

Artifacts are not just found along Indian Creek and the Vermilion River. The author grew up on a farm about three miles from Indian Creek. The author's brother has found several artifacts while farming this land.

In this chapter, we will review the history of finding ancient artifacts in the Fairbury area. These stories will be told in chronological order.

Circa 1870 Finding of Arrowheads in Sunken Park

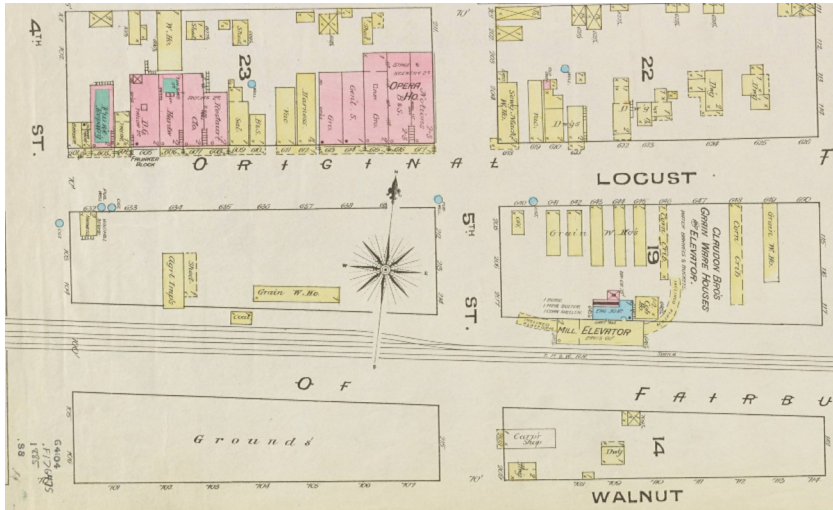
Alma Lewis James was a Fairbury historian who wrote the book *Stuffed Clubs and Antimaccassars*. Unfortunately, she provided almost no dates in her book. All we know is that she focused on the time period between the founding of Fairbury in 1857 until 1900.

She also went through the Fairbury Blade newspaper, and published these as Nicks from the Blade. One of her stories is shown below:

In early Fairbury the section of the Sunken Park and through Edith Bartlett Puffer's residence and the Taylor house was known as the Commons. This had been an Indian battlefield and the last stand was taken where the Stevens Apartments and Amish Church are now. As a little girl, Aunt Emma Taylor used to go out on the Commons and pick up arrow heads, and they were just thick where they made that last stand.

Using Ancestry.com, we find that Emma D. Bartlett Taylor lived from 1861 until 1937 in Fairbury. She would have been a little girl between 1866 and 1871.

Sunken Park still exists in Fairbury. The Bartlett House also still exists and is one block south of Sunken Park. The author was unfamiliar with the term "Commons". The 1885 Sanborn Insurance maps do show this area of town:



The "Commons" must have been the area labeled as "Grounds" on the 1885 Sanborn map.

When the TP&W ran their railroad through Fairbury in 1857, they picked the highest east-west elevation in Fairbury. Possibly there was an Indian battle in this area because it was a high point.

Pre-1900 Finding of Indian Mound South of Fairbury

In one of Alma Lewis James Nicks from the Blade, she recounted the story of finding an Indian mound south of Fairbury.

Unfortunately, her story is not dated. It is likely this finding of relics occurred prior to 1900.

Hi Taylor owned a piece of land south of town that had an Indian burial mound on it. He refused to allow any archeologists to open it, saying that they deserved to rest in peace.

1896 Finding of Relics North of Fairbury

The March 28, 1896, issue of the Fairbury Blade newspaper had a front page story on the discovery of relics a few miles north of Fairbury.

A Dead Race

While excavating in a mound on the farm of Thomas Smith, a few miles north of town, workmen found a stone pipe, a copper spear head, and part of the skeleton probably of ancient mound builders. The relics were found while digging a cellar and cistern for a new home and it is probable the mound contains many more of the same kind.

The finding of these relics of the aboriginal age brings forcibly to mind the changes which time has wrought and the mutations of human existence. These obsolete tools belonged to the age of mound builders, who antedated the Indians inhabiting the country when discovered by European. They were probably contemporaries of Abraham and Moses and Pharaohs, of Hector and Achilles. They struggled for existence with the wild beasts that covered the land and they lived and fought and loved and died leaving only the faintest traces on the face of the land. Their resources were of the smallest, yet they made some advancement.

Through centuries of slow development, from a state--little above the brutes they learned to fashion tools of stone and after other eons of time had passed, they learned in some degree to smelt and hammer copper. Races stronger, but hardly less rude, swept them off or absorbed them and in time the relentless Aryan with his conquering brain, his murderous war engines, his religion of mercy and salvation, came to possess the land, to dig down its high places, to raise the valleys, to subject it to his will and to cover it with his all devouring civilization.

The mound builders are not even a memory. Their history has perished. Even tradition has forgotten them. Their story belongs to fossil sciences, along with the history of the mammoth and the ichthyosaurus.

The author believes this site is where Indian Creek meets the Vermilion River north of Fairbury. The site was on the north side of the Vermilion River.

1934 Pantagraph Story on Fairbury Collector

The August 27, 1934 edition of the Pantagraph had a story about Mr. Mundt, the jeweler.

One of the premier hobby collectors of Illinois is A. H. Mundt of Fairbury, jeweler in Washington, Peoria and Fairbury for more than 60 years. He has a great number of collections of various kinds, having spent a large part of his time away from business following these unusual hobbies. He has

thousands of butterflies and insects from all over the United States, South America, India, Africa, and the Panama Canal zone. He has collections of sea shells, minerals, fossils, war relics, stuffed birds and one a little closer to his business calling, a collection of odd and rare watches.

Another collection includes birds' eggs, especially eggs of seagulls of the Atlantic ocean. He has a collection of idols among which is one found in East India which the Smithsonian institution has sought to buy. Some estimate of the value wrapped up in these collections is gleaned from the fact that one group known as the Pacco collection of Indian relics, tomahawks and arrowheads cost him \$10,000. For another hobby Mr. Mundt does wood carving and stonework and has provided many beautiful pieces for his home.

1941 and the Fairbury Archeological Society

The July 29, 1941, Pantagraph had a story about the Fairbury Archeological Society:

Fairbury Men to Show Rare Indian Relics

They'll Be Hosts To State Society August 10

Amateur archaeologists of Fairbury have achieved one of the goals they established when they formed the Fairbury Archaeological society, according to a statement by Edgar Zook, spokesman for the group.

The state organization has recognized their club by asking them to sponsor a state meeting which is to be held in Pontiac Sunday, Aug. 10.

Livingston county is recognized as one of the leading counties in the state of Illinois for Indian lore. It is stated by eminent students of early history that two principal Indian trails cross just south of Fairbury. Only seven counties in state have two principal Indian trails running through them.

Near Old Village

The Grand Kickapoo village, largest village of the entire tribe in Illinois, was located about three and a half miles south of Fairbury. Local archaeologists find that frequent visits to this site reward them with many treasures of the earlier civilization.

Ben Nussbaum, president of the Fairbury Archaeological society, has been instigator of the activities of the Fairbury men. Mr. Nussbaum, who has been collecting relics of one sort and another all his life, became acquainted with the late Henry Mies, of Pontiac, who was until the time of his death, trying to organize a county association similar to the Fairbury club which now exists.

Hope to Have Museum

We want to get people interested in the history that accompanies the many fine relics of Indian culture in this area," said Edgar Zook, secretary of the Fairbury society. "We want people to retain the things they find in this county, and at some future date, it is our dream to establish a Livingston county museum in which to house collections of this county."

With Ben Nussbaum, president; Burbon Downing, vice president; Edgar Zook, secretary, and Wade Simmons, treasurer, the Fairbury Archaeological society has an active membership of 10 men. This group has sponsored seven meetings which were attended by collectors from all over Central Illinois.

Besides these, the club meets regularly every two weeks, studying Indian lore in the winter months, and taking field trips in better weather.

Has Rare Collection

Several public programs have been given by various members of the club at schools and community clubs near Fairbury and throughout the county.

Besides the gathering of relics from Indian culture in this locality, the president, Ben Nussbaum, is the owner of six banner stones. He is credited with having the finest butterfly bannerstones available. They are

representative of the ritualistic services of an Indian tribe, and these particular stones, were made in Iowa.

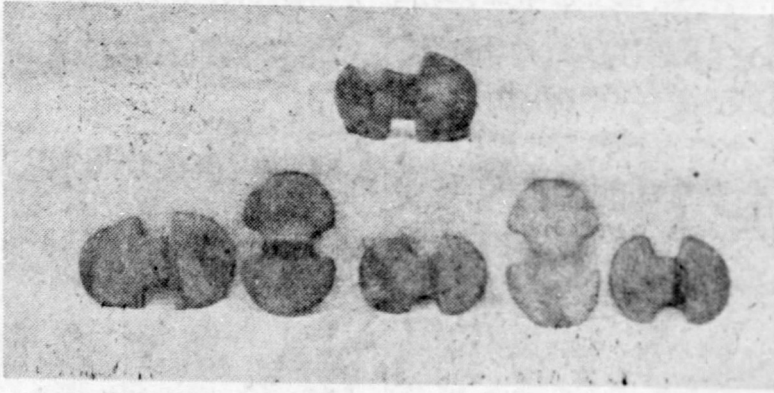
Dr. John B. Ruyle of Champaign, president of the state organization, has visited several of the Fairbury meetings, and it was through his Suggestion that the August meeting is to be held in this county.



FAIRBURY.—(PNS)—Fairbury is one of the most fertile areas in Illinois for finding Indian relics. Edgar Zook and Wade Simmons are shown as they discovered an almost perfect ax near the old Kickapoo village south of Fairbury. Territory near the crossing of two Indian trails is the favorite spot of relic hunters.



COMMITTEE.—Plans for the big archaeological meet Aug. 10 at Pontiac are being formulated by this committee. Seated are Edgar Zook, secretary of the club, and Burbon Downing, vice president. Standing are Wade Simmons, treasurer, and Marion Knott. Ben Nussbaum, president of the club also is a member of the committee.



BANNERSTONES.—Unusual is this collection of six bannerstones, owned by Ben Nussbaum. Described as one of the most complete collections anywhere, the large bannerstone in the center is the largest of its kind known to exist. A picture of it recently was the frontispiece of a book written by an eminent professor of Indian history, Byron Knoblock of LaGrange. These stones, valued at \$1,800, were formerly used by one tribe of Indians in their ritualistic dances, and are extremely rare.



DESCRIPTION. — A broken celt is one of the treasures of Indian lore which Edgar Zook explains as he speaks before various community clubs. This particular piece of stone was used by the Indians in tanning hides.

1945 Talk by Zook and Nussbaum at U of I

The June 29, 1945, edition of the Daily Illini has an article about the talk given by these two Fairbury gentlemen.

Archeology Group Discusses Indians

Indian culture among the Kickapoo Indians and a collection of Indian bannerstones were the main features of the June meeting of the Champaign county archeological society, Monday evening in the faculty lounge of the Illini Union.

Guest speakers at the meeting were Ben Nussbaum, Fairbury, who owned the collection of bannerstones, and Edgar Zook, Fairbury, who spoke on "The Kickapoos, The Last Red Inhabitants of Livingston County."

C. C. Burford, editor of the society's Journal, and University alumnus, spoke on the growth of the society and the nationwide reception given the Journal.

1948 Discovery of Skeleton and Relics North of Fairbury

Pantagraph

The May 27, 1948, edition of the Pantagraph published an article about the find. They used two photographs in the story. The photos were shot in Fairbury on May 25. The Pantagraph released the negatives of these two photos in 2020.



FAIRBURY--Edgar Zook, with other members of the Fairbury Archaeological society, Sunday uncovered a well preserved skeleton of an Indian. The group was digging six miles north of here.



HUMAN BONES and Indian artifacts including awls, drills, arrowheads, and hoes were all found in and around a burial mound.

HOUSE COVERED ANCIENT MOUND FOR MANY YEARS

By Stanley Lantz

FAIRBURY.--The Fairbury Archaeological society, a five year old organization of hobbyists especially interested in the lore of Indians who lived in the Fairbury neighborhood, scored a scoop (Sunday) that may make professional archaeologists drool when they hear about it.

The club uncovered a well preserved skeleton belonging to an Indian who was buried on the spot hundreds of years ago.

The event, which seems merely “interesting” to the uninitiated, will be the subject of much writing, photographing, and discussion in archaeological circles.

The bare facts surrounding the discovery start 50 years ago. A man called “Major” Smith started to build a house about six miles north of Fairbury.

Finds Burial Grounds

In digging for a cellar, Smith uncovered a few Indian artifacts (arrowheads, etc) and some human bones. A sensitive man, he realized that he was uncovering part of a burial mound and ordered the excavation stopped. He did, however, go ahead and build his house right on the mound.

Two months ago the house (then owned by P. C. James) burned down. Mr. James made a deal with the Fairbury group whereby they would dig the holes and ditch for septic tanks and sewer line in exchange for anything of interest they might find buried.

It was a good deal for the archaeology enthusiasts. They had had the site spotted for a long, long time. It’s situated at the junction of Indian creek and a branch of the Vermilion river. Such a junction, according to the experts, is an ideal setup for finding an old Indian village site or burial mound.

Prospects Foretold

As a matter of fact, a field trip three years ago by members of the Illinois State Archaeological society and a geologist from the University of Illinois had already determined a five foot mound that fairly cried out for investigation.

Many artifacts had already been found near the site. They all told the experts that Indians of either the “Woodland” or “Mississippi”

cultures, both prehistoric, had flourished in the area. This month's discovery proved the Woodland theory, pointing to past occupancy by generations of men who lived in the neighborhood for a period of about 1,000 years, beginning around 500 A. D.

The group started trenching east of the mound to determine the floor level of the forgotten village. It was found to be just about a foot below the present ground level leading to the mound. During this part of the operation they found their first significant artifact: An eight inch, un-notched, chip flint spade, proving that an agricultural people had inhabited the village.

Skull Discovered

One of the diggers suddenly found his spade in contact with what appeared to be a human skull. Working as quickly as they could with whisk brooms and hand tools, the group finally uncovered the complete skeleton.

To an archaeologist who has seen an Indian skeleton lying in its original burial position, it takes but a few minutes to unravel every mystery about the deceased except his name.

This particular ancient, for instance, was about five feet and six inches tall, a farmer, belonged to the Woodland culture and died as a result of someone's bashing him over the right ear with a blunt piece of stone.

Edgar Zook, member of the Illinois State Archaeological and Historical societies, was on hand Sunday to assist in the project. He cites the following facts as proof that the group had hit a Woodland village burial place.

Further Evidence

The skeleton, found five feet below ground level, was covered with shells, stones, baskets, and charcoal from old camp fires.

It was buried in a flex position, knees drawn up to the chest, and it faced southwest. There was a typical scarcity of “grave goods.” The mound yielded one flint arrowhead and a broken drill over the right forearm. Under the torso was buried a five inch, split bone awl made from sharpened and polished ulna bone of a deer. All of these, Mr. Zook says, were customary practices of Indians of the Woodland culture.

According to Mr. Zook, this is the only burial mound known in the vicinity. The local organization, however, is continually searching for new holes to dig.

Sunday’s expedition included Marion Knott, Willis Harris, Clinton Harris, Don Merrill, and Guy Slater, all of Fairbury.

The Blade

The May 28, 1948, edition of the Fairbury Blade newspaper had a front page story on this discovery.

Skeleton of Warrior-Farmer Unearthed Sunday

Found by Members of Local Archaeological Society on PIC. James Farm North of Town

By: Edgar Zook

Pre-history became history at the P.C. James farm, six miles north of Fairbury, on Sunday afternoon when seven members of the Fairbury Amateur Archaeological Society unearthed the skeleton of a prehistoric Indian while excavating in a burial mound, located near the junction of the south branch of the Vermilion river and Indian creek.

The skeleton, on its left side with knees flexed and facing the southwest, was in an excellent state of preservation. All bones, with the exception of the metatarsus, were intact. Indications pointed to the fact that the Indian had suffered a violent death, since a two-inch gash, which could have been made by a blunt-edged weapon, was on the right side of the skull and the lower jaw was broken.

Soil, evidently carried up from the river bank, at the south edge of the mound, covered the skeleton, and included snail shells, boiling stones, and bits of charcoal, from ancient campfires. The skeleton was found at a depth of four and a half feet, and the body presumably had been buried on the floor of the mound.

Method of burial, scarcity of grave goods found with the burial, and cord imprinted potsherds found at the mound indicate that the Indian was of the Woodland culture, which according to leading

archaeologists, existed in the Midwest between 500 A. D. and 1,500 A. D. On the right arm of the skeleton was a crude, leaf shaped arrow of quartzite and the middle part of a flat drill, and beneath the skeleton was found a five-inch, split-bone awl. The awl was sharp and highly polished from much use. Tooth marks on the awl indicated that it had been gnawed upon by rodents.

Through the courtesy of Mr. James, the Fairbury Amateur Archaeological Society was permitted to dig in the mound in order to determine what culture existed in this region in prehistoric times. Recently the old dwelling on the mound was raised by fire, thereby creating an opportunity to dig since much excavation work was necessary before a new house, now in the process of construction, could be erected.

Not until 4 p.m. was the burial discovered, and it was the alert eye of Marion Knott which saw the bony forehead of the skeleton protruding from its centuries-long internment.

Spades, mattocks, and shovels were laid aside, and the delicate work of uncovering the burial without damage to its position was undertaken with trowels, whisk brooms and spatulas. Careful measurements were made, pictures taken, and many other details recorded, all of which will be sent to Dr. John C. McGregor, chief archaeologist of the Illinois State Museum in Springfield.

The burial was carefully removed, and the bones will be cleaned, treated with a special preservative, and later rejoined. It is planned to send the skull to the Illinois State Museum, where Bartlett Frost, dioramist, has perfected a system of reconstructing Indian heads over the skulls recovered from archaeological sites. These reconstructions are rather accurate likenesses of the former living originals.

Those participating in the dig were Edgar Zook, Marion Knott, Guy Slater, Clinton Harris, Willis Harris, Jr., and Don Merrill of this city,

and Ed Antanitus, of Oglesby. Ben Nussbaum, president of the Fairbury group was unable to be present.

People of the Woodland culture, who created the burial mound on the James farm, led a semi-sedentary existence. Hunting, fishing, and gathering were of greatest importance in the subsistence economy. Agriculture was infrequently practiced.

Flexed burials, such as in the case of the unearthed skeleton, were most common. These were generally single, but multiple burials have also occurred. Grave goods accompanying the dead were absent or scarce. Types of things with the burials included chipped stone artifacts, bone and antler tools, animal teeth, and incomplete pottery vessels. Since there is a relatively rare presence of non-regional materials among the Woodlands people, it is probably that trade was not widespread.

Pottery vessels were of simple design and were usually wide mouthed jars with vertically elongated bodies, either with or without well-defined shoulders and with the conoidal or rounded bases. Rim shapes varied from vertical to flaring. Tempering material was granular and generally consisted of crushed stone or sand. Surfaces were plain or the exterior was cord marked. The cord-marking was done by pressing the surface with a cord-wrapped instrument or with single cords. Other decorative techniques applied to the vessels were incising and punctating. Designs were simple and often were in straight lines to form band motifs. The areas decorated were the inner and outer rims and the lip of the pots.

Bone work included deer ulna perforators and split-bone awls. Unmodified antler tips were used as flaking tools.

There is evidence at the James farm indicating that a later culture, known as the Middle Mississippi, an agricultural people, followed Woodland people as dwellers in this region. This is another project that the Fairbury organization will take up in the near future.

Such historic tribes as the Menomini, Chippewa, Sauk, Fox, and Eastern Sioux are known to be descendants of the prehistoric Woodland culture.

1965 Review of Indian Lore

The Fairbury Blade has a May 20, 1965 story about the Kickapoo in the Fairbury area.

Zook, Nussbaum Recall Indian Lore For Historians

Kickapoos Here From 1828 to '30

Kickapoo Indians, living in Oliver's Grove, south of Chatsworth, were among the last members of that tribe to leave Illinois for government reservations outside the state, according to Edgar Zook of Fairbury, who addressed the Livingston County Historical Society at their monthly meeting in the public library at Pontiac, Tuesday night. Subject of his talk was "The Kickapoo, Last Red Inhabitants of Livingston County."

Departure date for the Kickapoo was in October, 1832, and they landed on a reservation along the Osage River in Missouri. Then in 1833 they moved to Kansas, settling near the historic old town, of Kickapoo. Here they lived until 1854, when they were transferred to a reservation in Brown County, Kansas. Descendants of the Kickapoo, who made Livingston County their home during the period 1828- 32, now live near Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Daily life of the Kickapoo, their method of constructing rude houses from American elm saplings and the bark from larger elm trees, their diet, method of burial, and other items in their economy were discussed by Zook. He also told of Kanakuk, prophet-chief of the Vermilion Kickapoo, who made prayer sticks of maple Wood and introduced their use into each home of his people.

So famous was Kanakuk that he was mentioned prominently by George Catlin, Washington Irving, and Charles Augustus Murray,

noted travelers of that day. He died in Kansas in 1852, and was succeeded by Masheena. He was buried in the side of a hill, but the exact spot is unknown.

KANAKUK'S band of Kickapoo moved in 1828 to Indian Grove township, south of Fairbury, from the lower Vermilion River, near Danville, where white men had established a salt works, according to Zook. At the same time Vermilion Kickapoo settled along the Mackinaw River at Pleasant Hill, McLean County, and an associated band of Delawares moved to the north side of the Mackinaw, three miles east of Pleasant Hill.

Kanakuk's Kickapoo exchanged their Indian Grove village site in 1830 for one in Oliver's Grove. Rev. J. C. Berryman, a Methodist missionary, visited the Kickapoo in Kansas one year after they had left Livingston County, and found them living in blanket and wigwam style. Wigwams were made of rushes, growing in profusion in the river bottoms. Mats, made of rushes, were spread on the ground in the wigwam, and used instead of tables, beds and chairs, Zook related.

Several years ago a farmer, cultivating a field of corn near Oliver's Grove, noticed someone standing in a hedge row closely observing him. Curiosity directed the farmer to the individual, who turned out to be a Kickapoo who had come from the Kansas reservation to visit, as he put it, "the graves and village site of my fore-fathers."

Also on the program was Ben Nussbaum of Fairbury, who displayed a number of stone relics, and answered numerous questions concerning the manufacture and use of artifacts by prehistoric people. He showed a silver ornament, found 75 years ago on a skeleton, discovered under a fallen tree by workers clearing away dead timber in Round Grove township.

Nussbaum, known affectionately by fellow collectors as "Bannerstone Ben," has collected Indian relics for 67 years and is an

authority on the subject of archaeology. He is program chairman for the Livingston County Historical Society in 1965-66.

Mrs. Lucille Goodrich, county superintendent of schools, retiring program chairman for 1984-65, introduced Zook. The meeting was called to order by J. Paul Yost, president, and minutes of the last meeting were read by Judge L. W. Tuesburg. A project now under study by the society is the establishment of a county museum.

1968 Fairbury Man Finds Rare Copper Hand Adze

The May 23, 1968, Blade has a cover story on a local man who discovered a very rare copper hand adze.

Harlan Wessel Finds Rare Indian Tool

HARLAN WESSEL of Fairbury made a major find Saturday when he picked up this Indian hand tool, or celt, in the Fairbury vicinity.

Its age was placed at "no doubt a few thousand years" by Ben Nussbaum, dean of the Fairbury-area collectors of Indian artifacts, who said "it is a very valuable piece," one of the best ever found here.

The solid copper celt measured 3½" and 6", and weighs 1½ lbs. Nussbaum said it was not an axe-head or tomahawk, since it did not have grooves for the thong binding.

It is well-patinated, with very few disc marks, indicating it has been well below the surface until very recently. It is thought that last week's heavy rains, coupled with current practices of deeper plowing, may have brought it to the surface where Wessel found it.

Nussbaum said that the copper from which this was shaped was brought to this area as a glacial deposit. The flared bit was formed by pounding the solid copper, and this pounding hardened the cutting edge.

Only a few other copper pieces have been found here, and Nussbaum told The Blade Tuesday "I know only of two spears."

There are many collectors of Indian artifacts in the county, and Wessel is one of the younger generation who have taken up the hobby of tramping the fields and streams with bowed head.

Nussbaum's interest in the lore began more than a half-century ago, and he has been a member of the Wisconsin Archaeological society since 1920, being one of their oldest members.

THE FAIRBURY BLADE

NINETY-SIXTH YEAR — NO. 47

Three Sections — 18 Pages

Single Copy 15c



THIS IS THE RARE Indian celt, or hand adze, or axe, found Saturday in Fairbury area by Harlan Wessel. Age was placed at "a few thousand years" and value "very high" by local authority, Ben Nussbaum. Like most local collectors, Wessel is keeping mum about the exact location he made discovery.



Below is a better photo of the copper hand adze:



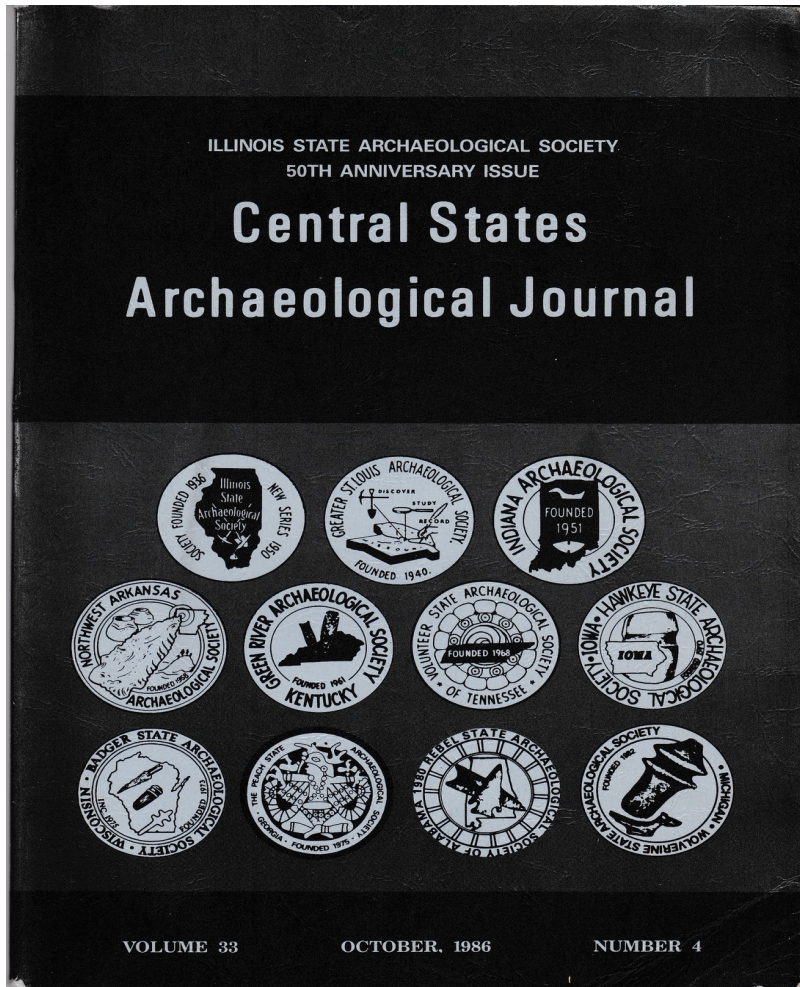
FIGURE 123

Copper celt found in Avoca Township, Livingston County, Illinois on Saturday May 18, 1968 by Harlan Wessells. Size $3\frac{1}{2}$ by 6 inches, weight $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. A surface find with only one disc mark on it.

From the collection of Ben Nussbaum, Fairbury, Illinois

1986 Book — *Illinois State Archaeological Society 50th Anniversary Edition*

This 372 page book contains an exhaustive review of collectors of Native American artifacts from 1936 to 1986.



Page 201 of this book has two paragraphs about prominent Fairbury collectors. These two paragraphs are excerpted and shown below.

Another area of activity centered around Fairbury. Prominent there was "Banner-Stone" Ben Nussbaum, whose collection of banner-stones brought him national recognition. His butterflies from a site near Muscatine, Iowa, were considered to be among the finest in the country. Another Fairbury collector was Dr. A. W. Pendergast who also had a nice collection of banner-stones and other artifacts, as did Edgar Zook.

Marion Knott, who in his early years excavated a number of mounds near his home in Seneca, was an active member of the society throughout his life. He was a collector and dealer and was very active in the Northern Illinois Chapter. Marion was murdered in 1980.

At some point, Marion Knott moved from Fairbury to the Seneca, Illinois, area. The June 27, 1980, Pantagraph had the following story about his murder.

FAIRBURY — The death of a 76-year-old man, formerly of the Fairbury-Weston area, who was found in a field near Seneca Wednesday evening, is being investigated as a homicide, according to Grundy County Coroner James Reeves. Reeves said Thursday the man, Marion Knott, Seneca, had not been seen alive since Sunday. He was found under a pile of hay in a field north of Seneca after a farmer noticed some of the hay had been moved. Reeves said there was no physical evidence at the scene to indicate how Knott died. However, Knott had been placed under the hay, Reeves said. An autopsy was conducted Thursday, with test results to be available later. Mr. Knott was taken to Stiver Home for Funerals, Fairbury.

His obituary appeared the next day in the Pantagraph.

FAIRBURY (PNS) — The funeral of Marion Knott, 76, who was found dead Wednesday in a field north of Seneca, will be at 11 a.m. Monday at Stiver Home for Funerals, the Rev Edward Haun officiating. Grundy County authorities are investigating the death as a homicide. Burial will be in Forrest Cemetery. Visitation will be from 5 to 8 p.m. Sunday at the funeral home.

He was born May 7, 1904, in Forrest, a son of Loran and Mary Hilliard Knott. He married Margaret Parker McIntire May 6, 1954, in Ottawa. She died Sept. 1, 1975.

Surviving are three brothers, Earl, San Bernardino, Calif., Raymond, Weston: and Lloyd, Montgomery: and a sister. Dorothy Spence, St. Ann Two brothers and three sisters also preceded him in death.

He moved to the Seneca area in 1942 was employed as a carpenter by DuPont Chemical Co. Seneca for 20 years.

He served in the quartermaster corps in the Army during World War II. He attended the Baptist Church and was a member of the Illinois Archaeological Society. Memorials may be made to a charity of the donor's choice

On July 15, 1980, the Pantagraph published a story about the only suspect for the murder passing a polygraph test. The article also said 76 year-old Marion Knott was severely beaten including broken ribs, a fractured jaw, and a broken leg.

Passes Polygraph

Man Cleared in Murder Case

FAIRBURY — A suspect in the murder of a 76-year-old man, formerly of the Fairbury-Weston area, has been cleared after a lie detector test. "We thought we were pretty close with this suspect, but he did pretty well on the test, so we had to pretty much eliminate him as a suspect," said detective Ron Fox of Grundy County Sheriff's Police Department Monday.

Marion Knott, Seneca, was found dead June 25 under a pile of hay in a field north of Seneca after a farmer noticed some of the hay had been moved.

"The death was related to a cardiac arrest instigated by assault and trauma, according to the autopsy," Fox said. "He had broken ribs, a fractured jaw and X-rays showed that he had a fractured femur," he said.

"Our office and LaSalle County sheriff's detectives have talked to about 15 people that were considered suspects and people with information, said Fox.

"We seem to think that he was killed elsewhere and dumped in this field. If we could determine where, it could be a big help," he said.

"The death is being treated as a homicide. We feel that robbery was the motive because the man was known to carry large sums of cash on him," said Fox.

Fox said no date has been set for an inquest because the coroner is waiting until more evidence can be found.

"Since we haven't come up with anything new. I would assume that one will be set fairly soon." he said.

On December 3, 1980, the Streator Times ran an advertisement for the auction sale of Marion Knott's artifacts.

From The Private Collection Of The Late Marion Knotts

PUBLIC AUCTION

OF GENUINE RELICS AND/OR ARTIFACTS

Sunday, Dec. 7
At 11:00 A.M.

Preview 9:30 to 11:00 A.M. same day
Auction held in the banquet rooms of the Ramada Inn of
Ottawa, Illinois on Rte. 23, south of Interstate 80, exit
mile marker 90.

**INCLUDING AXES, CELTS, HOES, KNIVES, BLADES,
ARROWS, SPEARS, DRILLS, FIRESTONES, PESTLES,
GAME BALLS, GRINDERS, etc.**

At least 15 pieces Southwest Pottery. Outstanding advanced collectors' pieces including Harding barbs, dovetails, Flint Ridge white, Indiana "grays, plumb bobs, Gary points, Thebes, fluted points, bifurcated, Fox Valley clip wings, fish tails, etc.

History on most of these pieces can be supplied!

OWNER: CHUCK WEISBECKER

**ALSO THE SAME DAY FROM ANOTHER COLLECTOR —
A DOZEN FINE SLATE PIECES, ARROWS, etc.**

THIS IS A PARTIAL LISTING ONLY!

The outstanding pieces from the Marion Knott collection should be known to most of you advanced collectors. These types are not very often found on the market, so be sure to attend!

Auction held in the banquet rooms of the Ramada Inn of Ottawa regardless of weather. Preview until auction begins.

Terms: Cash same day

CLERKS:
Lorene Brown & Lenore Higdon

CASHIERS:
Mr. & Mrs. Jim Reynolds

AUCTIONEER
Bob Higdon — Phone 815-496-2587

As of 2021, the murder of Marion Knott remains unsolved.

CHAPTER 13

The Kickapoo Today

The Kickapoo remained friendly to the whites during the Black Hawk War in 1832. The Kickapoo were forced to leave Illinois shortly after the Black Hawk War ended. The Kickapoo currently live in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and Mexico.

The Oklahoma Kickapoo have a web site with a lot of information about their tribe. The site also has links to web sites for other Kickapoo tribes. The link to the Oklahoma Kickapoo web site is: <http://kickapootribeofoklahoma.com>



CHAPTER 14

Preserving Fairbury History

The author has been involved with recent projects which help to preserve Fairbury history.

Five historic murals were designed and installed in Fairbury's Central Park. The topics of these five murals include the TP&W Railroad, Coal Mining, Francis Townsend, Fairbury Fair & Race Track, and John Virgin.

A second set of four historic murals have been designed and installed on Main Street across from new City Hall. The topics of these four murals include The First Peoples of Illinois, Goudy Brothers, Fairbury's only wanted for murder poster, and Maxwell Auto Dealership.

The text box for the First Peoples of Illinois mural is shown below:

The First Peoples of Illinois

After the last Ice Age approximately 10,000 years ago, people began to move from Asia through Siberia to present-day Alaska. They crossed into North America on a land bridge that connected Asia to North America. Eventually these seasonally nomadic people, known to archaeologists as Paleo-Indians, followed animals they hunted into the woodlands of Illinois. They fed themselves by gathering plants, fishing, and hunting.

These early peoples lived in the Fairbury area and left behind some of their stone tools and hunting projectiles. Dr. Anthony W. Pendergast, was a Fairbury optometrist who collected relics from these early Paleo-Indian peoples. Examples of the relics he found in the Fairbury area are shown in the lower right-hand corner. Some of these relics are 8,000 years old.

The last native American Indian Tribe who lived in the Fairbury area were the Kickapoo. In the early 1800s, they had a settlement at LeRoy, Illinois. In 1828, about 700 Kickapoo moved from LeRoy to about four miles southwest of present-day Fairbury. In 1830, 630 tribe members moved to Oliver's Grove south of Chatsworth. The Chatsworth settlement had a council house, 97 wigwams, and several small encampments.

The first settler south of Fairbury was Valentine M. Darnall in October of 1830. The Kickapoo only lived about two years south of Fairbury (1828 - 1830). Indian Creek and Indian Grove Township are named after the Kickapoo who lived there.

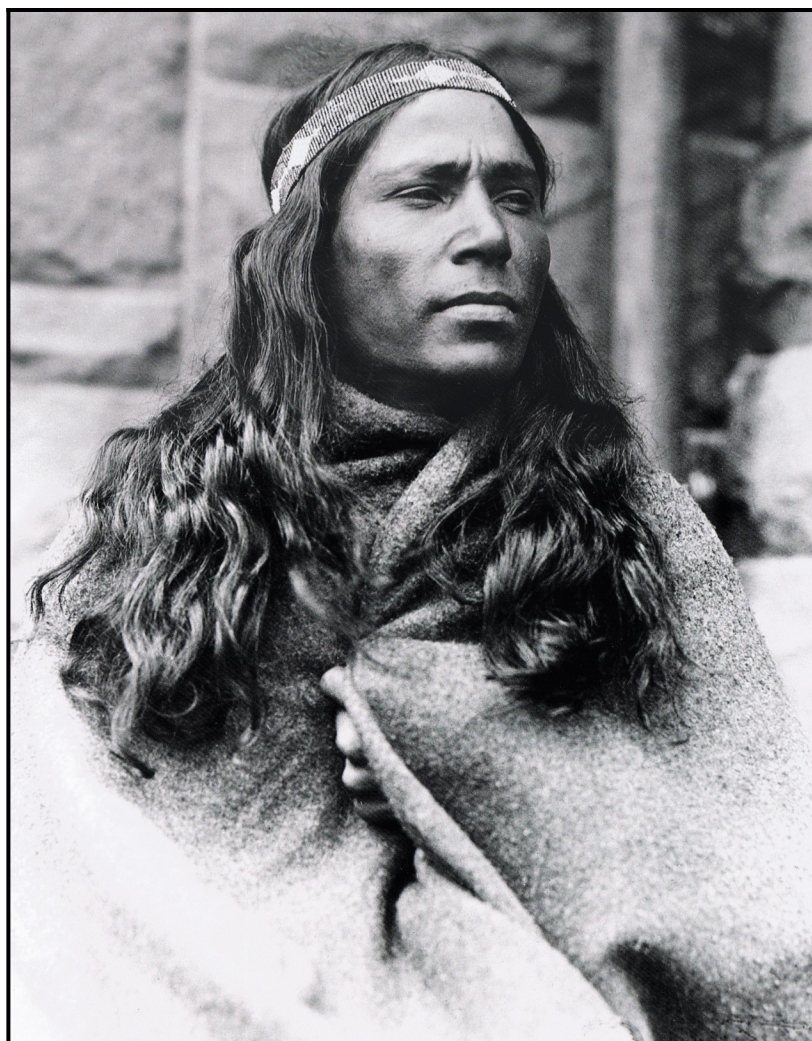
The Kickapoo remained friendly to the whites during the Black Hawk War in 1832. The Kickapoo were forced to leave Illinois shortly after the Black Hawk War ended. The Kickapoo currently live in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and Mexico.

The left photo is Kickapoo medicine man Baby Lone. It is a 1917 Library of Congress image. The upper right scene depicts a typical Kickapoo home. It is an Illinois State Museum image.

These murals were funded through the generosity of the Prairie Lands Foundation.







CHAPTER 15

Benjamin Nussbaum

Fairbury Historian and Native American Artifact Collector

Nicklaus Nussbaum and Anna Barbara Fluckiger were both born in Switzerland. They married in Switzerland and started their family. They moved their family from Switzerland to the Metamora, Illinois, area in the early 1860s. In the Fall of 1868, they moved from Metamora to the Fairbury area. They bought a farm which was on the southeast quarter of section 13 in Indian Grove Township, three and one-half miles southeast of Fairbury.

In 1868, there was no Apostolic Christian church nearby in Fairbury. The only church services of their faith were conducted at "North Side" homes in the region of section 21 in Pleasant Ridge Township. The Nussbaum family had to take a horse-drawn wagon eight miles to the church to attend church services. Nicklaus Nussbaum was a relatively poor farmer and did not own a wagon. On Sundays, Nicklaus would borrow a neighbor's wagon to take his family to church services.

One of Nicklaus Nussbaum's many children was Samuel Nussbaum. He was born in Switzerland in 1849 and traveled with his parent's family to the Fairbury farm in 1868. In 1877, when he was 27 years old, he married Christina Ursula Stortz. She was born in 1855 in Baden, Germany. Samuel Nussbaum farmed in the Fairbury area, and he died in 1931. In his will, Samuel left \$500 to the Christian Apostolic Church of Fairbury. This gift would be equivalent to \$7,800 in today's dollars.

Benjamin "Ben" Nussbaum was one of Samuel and Christina's children. He was born in 1892 in Forrest, Illinois. On Good Friday in 1898, when Ben was just six years old, he found his first Native

American artifact in a Fairbury farm field. The discovery of this artifact started a life-long interest in searching and finding Native American objects. Ben also became interested in local Apostolic Christian genealogical history.

In 1917, at age 24, Ben married Ruth Marguerite Zook. They began farming and had their only child, Wilmer C. Nussbaum, in 1920. Unfortunately, Ruth Nussbaum died in 1929 at only 36 years of age. She died of double-pneumonia at the Fairbury hospital. After her death, Ben had to raise his nine-year-old son Wilmer by himself.

When Ben was 48 years old in 1941, he married Lydia E. Munz. At some point, they moved to a house located on South Fifth Street in Fairbury. After Ben retired from farming, he became the Superintendent of the Fairbury Water Works.

The first humans to populate North America crossed from Asia to Alaska about 10,000 years ago when the Ice Age ended. These peoples eventually found their way to Illinois. As a result, artifacts from these peoples range from 500 to 10,000 years old in the Fairbury area. These artifacts were first discovered by the pioneering farmers who settled around Fairbury. These artifacts will continue to be found for many more hundreds of years because there were so many of them.

The hobby of collecting artifacts from these early peoples hit a peak in the Fairbury area in the 1940s. Ben Nussbaum, along with his brother-in-law Edgar Zook, formed the Fairbury Archeology Society by 1941. This society had ten members. They studied Native American history in the cold winter months and went on field trips in the warmer summer months. Other members of this club were Burbon Downing and Wade Simmons.

Ben Nussbaum joined the Illinois State Archaeological Society and the Ohio State Archaeological Society. He served as treasurer of the Illinois State Archaeological Society for many years.

In August of 1941, the Illinois State Archaeological Society asked the Fairbury Archaeological Society, to host a meeting of the state-wide group at Pontiac, Illinois. The Fairbury group set up the meeting and exhibited many of the artifacts found in the Fairbury area.

Ben Nussbaum became famous for his bannerstone collection. Bannerstones are characterized by a centered hole in a symmetrically shaped carved or ground stone. The holes are typically one-quarter to three-quarters of an inch in diameter and extend through a raised portion centered in the rock. They usually are bored all the way through the stone. Some bannerstones have been found with holes that extend only part of the way through. Many are made from banded slate or other colored hard stone. They often have a geometric "wing nut" or "butterfly" shape but are not limited to these. More than just functional artifacts, bannerstones are a form of art that appear in varying shapes, designs, and colors, symbolizing their ceremonial and spiritual importance.

Archeologists are still trying to determine why ancient peoples made these unusual stones. They may have only been used for ceremonies versus a practical usage. Artifact collectors developed the nickname "Bannerstone Ben" for Ben Nussbaum because of his extensive collection of bannerstones. Ben Nussbaum stored his artifacts in the basement of his Fifth Street home.

In 1959, Ben Nussbaum wrote a book titled *Nussbaum's: Being An Account Of Nicklaus and Anna Barbara Fluckiger Nussbaum And Their Descendants*. It is a fascinating account of his grandfather Nicklaus working in Switzerland and deciding to move to America.

Ben Nussbaum also became very interested in the family genealogies of early members of the Apostolic Christian Church. In 1973, he published his pamphlet about the South Side Apostolic

Church history. In 1975, he published another pamphlet about the North Side Apostolic Church history.

Prior to Ben researching and publishing his history pamphlets, the only written source of Fairbury area Apostolic Christian Church history is Perry Klopfenstein's 1984 *Marching to Zion* book. Klopfenstein's book only dedicated a few pages to the Fairbury and Forrest North and South Side Churches. Ben's South Side Church history is 66 pages long, and his North Side Church history is 31 pages.

Benjamin Nussbaum died in 1975. One of his legacies is the stories and photographs of his Native American artifact collection preserved in newspapers and state archeological societies. His 1959 book about the family history of Nicklaus Nussbaum and his early years in Fairbury is another of his legacies. His 1973 and 1975 Apostolic Christian Church histories are still being used today by genealogical researchers. Both his 1959 book and the Apostolic Church histories are available from the web site Archive.Org.

CHAPTER 16

Summary

The first Fairbury area settler was Valentine Darnall. He built his first home in 1830. This was just about the same time the Kickapoo moved their village from Indian Grove Township to Oliver's Grove South, south of Chatsworth. About two years later in 1832, the Kickapoo were forced to leave the State of Illinois. This means there was very little time overlap between the Kickapoo and the first settlers of the Fairbury area.

If it had not been for the Kickapoo sharing their Kickapoo Beans with Valentine Darnall, our first settlers might not have survived their first winter in the Fairbury area.

When doing historical work, the general rule-of-thumb is that a new generation is created about every 30 years. If the first Paleo-Indians arrived in the Fairbury area about 8,000 years ago, this means 267 generations of humans have lived in this area [8,000 divided by 30].

In contrast, less than 10 generations of Fairbury citizens of European descent have lived in this area.

Unfortunately, we have no written records from the 267 generations of humans that lived in the Fairbury area prior to 1830. Between the 1600s and today, we have to rely on the written words of the white men who explored and settled Illinois. Prior to the 1600s, we must rely on any information we can glean from the relics we find.

References

All references used in this story were identified at the point they were used in the story.

Recommended Reading

Stuffed Clubs and Antimacassars by Alma Lewis James.

Nicks from the Blade by Alma Lewis James.

Web Sites

Illinois State Museum

Illinois Geological Survey

Oklahoma Kickapoo Tribe

Other Sources of Information

The Illinois State Museum in Springfield has the five diorama scenes depicting typical Kickapoo life. It also has numerous exhibits of artifacts found in Illinois.

The McLean County Museum in Bloomington has a Kickapoo exhibit including a typical home that children can enter.

Numerous Livingston County artifacts are on display in the local history room of the old Court House in Pontiac.

Author Spotlight



Dale C. Maley

Dale C. Maley is the author of the book ***Index Mutual Funds: How to Simplify Your Financial Life and Beat the Pros.*** He was also a contributing author to Chapter 18 in the 2009 book ***The Bogleheads Guide to Retirement Planning.*** Dale is a very successful private investor who has been a student of Financial Planning and Investing for over 33 years.

He was trained as an engineer at the University of Illinois and has been a practicing engineer for 36 years. His accomplishments as an engineer include the granting of 16 U.S. Patents and authorship of over 535 professional technical papers. He is also a member of the International Society of Automotive Engineers and the Society of Manufacturing Engineers.

Dale earned an MBA (Masters Degree in Business Administration) degree from Illinois State University. Dale became a Registered Financial Advisor in the State of Illinois in 2006. He

works part-time as a fee-only financial planner. He is President of Maley Financial Planning.

One of Dale's hobbies is history, including the history of Fairbury, Illinois. He has given many lectures to local Fairbury community groups about the history of Fairbury. Dale is on the Board of Directors for the Fairbury Echoes Museum and Livingston County Historical Society. Both Dale and his wife are 5th generation citizens of Fairbury.

Also by Dale C. Maley

Fairbury History Books

- History of Murders Committed in Fairbury, Illinois
- Fairbury, Illinois Book Authors
- Fairbury, Illinois in 1888
- Fairbury, Illinois and the 1893 Chicago Columbian Exposition
- Fairbury, Illinois History Stories
- Coal Mining in Fairbury, Illinois
- William T. Stackpole of Fairbury, Illinois
- Livingston County Historical Society: It's Beginning and Some Later Updates
- William T. Stackpole's 1849 Journey from Illinois to the California Gold Fields
- Fairbury, Illinois, from Prehistoric Times to Modern Times

Woodworking Books

- How to Build a Fascinating Ratcheting Wood Model
- How to Make a Simple Hopping Bunny Rabbit Pull-Toy

Investing Books

- Index Mutual Funds: How to Simplify Your Financial Life and Beat the Pro's
- How Asset Allocation Can Help You Achieve Your Financial Goals
- Frequently Asked Questions & Answers about ETF's and Index Funds
- Why We Don't Save Enough for Retirement and How You Can Save More
- Are You Using the Right Rules to Plan Your Retirement?
- How to Use Psychology to Achieve Your Financial Goals
- Should Immediate Annuities Be a Tool in Your Retirement Planning Toolbox?
- Who Wins the Variable Annuity Versus Mutual Fund Battle?
- Will Your Children or Uncle Sam Inherit Your Estate?
- What Are the Requirements for Becoming a Financial Planner?

- Sell My Stocks Before the Baby Boomers Crash the Market?
- How Do I Determine If I Have Saved Enough to Retire?
- Don't Max Out My 401K?
- Will Reverse Mortgages Be the Salvation of Baby Boomer Retirees?
- Do I Need Ten, Twenty, or Thirty Times My Income to Retire?
- How to Find a Good Financial Planner
- Total Market or Slice-n-Dice for My Investment Portfolio?
- What Safety Factor Are You Using for Your Retirement Plan?
- How Much Income Do I Really Need in Retirement?

- What Lessons Can We Learn from the Crash of 2008?
- How to Invest for Retirement after the Crash of 2008
- Rules-of-thumb or Retirement Planning Software?
- Is Portfolio Rebalancing Worth It?
- Do I Need Umbrella Insurance?
- Got My First Job and How Do I Handle the 401K?
- Are Black Swans Really Harmful to Ordinary Investors?
- Should My Asset Allocation Include My Pension and Social Security?
- Should I Pay Off My Mortgage Early?
- How Does My Asset Allocation Compare to Everyone Else?
- How Do I Maximize Retirement Income From My Portfolio?
- Is Saving 10% of My Gross Income Good Enough?

- Contribute to My Bad 401K or Go Taxable?
- Do I Need an Investment Policy Statement?
- Do I Need Long-Term Care Insurance?
- Do I Need Long-Term Disability Insurance?
- How to Read Your Way to Financial Wealth
- How Do I Select the Correct Risk Level for My Portfolio?
- How Do I Estimate Retirement Living Expenses?

Notes:

Notes:

Notes:

Notes:

Notes:

Notes:

Notes:

Notes:

Notes:

Notes: